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A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

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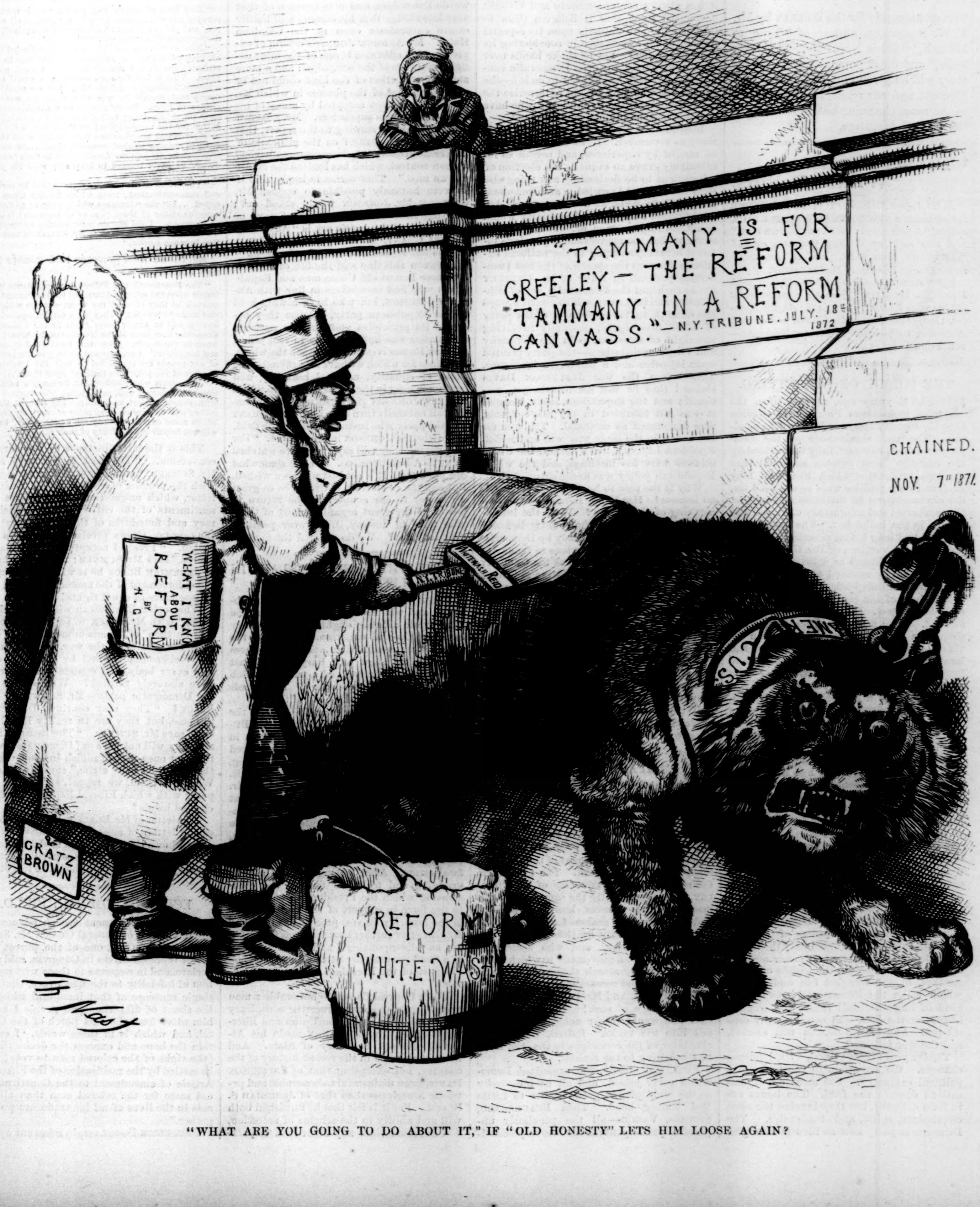
"TAMMANY IS FOR GREELEY—THE REFORM
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WHAT I KNOW ABOUT REFORM BY H. G.
N.Y. TRIBUNE
WHITEWASH REID
GRATZ BROWN
REFORM WHITE WASH
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"WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO ABOUT IT," IF "OLD HONESTY" LETS HIM LOOSE AGAIN?

# HARPER'S WEEKLY.

Saturday, August 31, 1872.

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## Charles Reade. Wilkie Collins.

*In the August Number of* Harper's Magazine *is commenced a* new novel *by* Charles Reade, *entitled* "A Simpleton: a Story of the Day."

*A new novel by* Wilkie Collins, *entitled* "The New Magdalen," *will be commenced in the October Number of the* Magazine.

☞ *New Subscribers will be supplied with* Harper's Magazine *from the commencement of* Charles Reade's *story, in the August Number,* 1872, *to the close of the Volume ending with November,* 1873—*making* Sixteen Numbers—for Four Dollars.

## THE POLICY OF FORGETTING.

TWELVE years ago, at this time, the most momentous Presidential election that the country has ever known was pending. The real significance of the campaign was not, however, fully understood by the country. Few persons supposed that the two tendencies which had been long evident in our politics were now joined under circumstances so threatening, and that the most cruel and sanguinary civil war was hidden in the ballot-box. The antislavery struggle had long before practically severed the Union. No citizen of the United States who was conspicuous as a lover of liberty, and who boldly asserted the truth of the Declaration of Independence, was personally safe in half of the country. The laws had ceased to protect. Fundamental rights were scorned. Good men almost despaired. But there was still in the general mind an invincible faith in peaceful politics. War had become a remote tradition, and there were few men who could understand or who would accept as true the remark which was calmly made at a dinner-table in September, 1860, and which threw a shadow upon the feast: "Abraham Lincoln will be elected, and then there will be the fiercest war in history."

The two parties in that election represented the two views that had long before absorbed all other considerations in public affairs. The one was that liberty and justice, or, in a word, equality, was indispensable not only to the peace and prosperity, but to the continuance of the Union. The other was that the Union might not only be stable, but would be stronger, if half slave and half free. With this moral there was a corresponding political disagreement. One party maintained the constitutional right of the secession of any State at will from the Union, and the other denied it. These were the moral and political differences of that tremendous campaign. Fortunately the future is hidden. In the glare and music and excitement of the hour, in the parade of Wide-Awakes, in the mingled fun and earnest which make the Presidential campaign a kind of huge national frolic, the tragical import of the hour was not generally considered. Abraham Lincoln was elected, and the war followed.

Twelve years have passed, with immense changes. We are again in the midst of a political campaign. The same old organizations dispute the field. The issues are in form different, but they involve the same convictions, spirit, and tendencies. The Democratic party now as then is strongest in the Southern States, and among those who were then the advocates of secession and afterward the leaders in rebellion. The Republican party now as then is strongest in that part of the country which is most enlightened, most industrious, and most prosperous. The real question is one of administration. Can the government be more wisely and safely committed to an alliance of which the chief and necessarily controlling element is the Democratic party, with the composition, principles, history, and spirit which are so familiar?

The earnestness of its appeal to forget the past should arouse the suspicion of all thoughtful men. For history can not safely be forgotten. The attitude of a party ten years or two years ago can not wisely be disregarded. A man wishes to engage a coachman who will drive his wife and children. Because the coachman professes to be sober to-day, is the fact that last year he was a sot unworthy of consideration? The Democratic party promises to respect and enforce the amendments, and the whole spirit of the settlement of the war. Is the fact that it has always contemptuously and bitterly denounced them, that it believes them to bear harshly and unjustly upon its especial friends, of no importance in considering its probable action? Let us shake hands over the bloody chasm, says the Democratic candidate. But who has refused to do it?—the Democrats, who have sought to terrorize the colored voters, or the Republicans, who have declared and maintained equal rights?

Instead of forgetting, this is the very moment to remember. If we are to refuse to be taught by experience, and permit so incalculably grave an event as the election of a President to be decided by any thing else than the clearest knowledge and consideration of all the facts, we deserve such an Administration as such blind stupidity would doubtless impose upon us. From the first moment that the aggression of the slave interest became menacing to the national existence down to the speech of the last Democratic partisan in favor of Mr. Greeley we have heard the Democratic cry of conciliation and fraternity, which meant always the same thing, the supremacy of the party of State sovereignty, obscurely involving the right of secession, as in the Kentucky and Virginia resolutions—the party planted upon injustice and a pander to ignorance. Just before the war Jefferson Davis claimed that he and his friends were national; and the Republican party, because it was not tolerated in the Slave States, was denounced as sectional. The war for the Union in the same way was fratricidal. President Lincoln was a despot, the Union soldiers were his hirelings, and the whole Republican policy was unconstitutional.

Why is the past to be forgotten? Has it no lessons? Has it not taught us the real meaning of those cries? Were the intelligence and industry of the country befooled so long and so advantageously by Democratic ascendency that it is anxious to renew it? The alternative is not hate, as the Greeley orators declare. The alternative is justice. If our Southern fellow-citizens do not mean to be reconciled until they can control the government, it is not the fault of others. There never was a victor so magnanimous as the loyal people of the United States. They never hated "the South," and they do not hate it now. But they hated slavery, and they love equality and mean to maintain it; and therefore they will not forget; they will diligently remember; and they will trust those whose fidelity has been proved from the beginning, not promised on the eve of an election.

## CAMPAIGN COMRADES.

It is one of the significant misfortunes of the Greeley movement that, as the *Springfield Republican*, one of its warmest supporters, says, "some of the worst men in the country have donned white hats, and are hurrahing lustily for Greeley;" and it cites the eager and instinctive support of the old Tammany Ring in New York. The Cincinnati *Commercial*, another advocate of Mr. Greeley, says substantially the same thing: the most notorious thieves, knaves, schemers, and plunderers are zealous for the Sage. It may be very pleasant for those who are not fond of this society, and who sometimes wonder whether a movement to which these gentry naturally attach themselves will issue in reform and reconciliation, to be joined by Mr. Sumner and Mr. Banks. But then, such a deluge of sack! The very people that one would prefer not to march with fall into the ranks. Indeed, the general character of the accessions to the host must be dispiriting to the zealous.

First, and chiefly, the organized Democratic party joined, and all as innocently as the wolf played grandmother to Little Red Riding-hood. Then Beauregard, Semmes, Vance—all the peculiarly unpleasant participants in the late unpleasantness fell into step. A good reformer, a true Republican, must often glance furtively at his neighbor who is suspiciously joyous, and whose vehement desire to enforce the amendments in all their Republican purity is almost bellicose. Virtue is good—but such tremendous virtue! Gentlemen very well known to all of us only last autumn as impassioned advocates of the Ring now throw "party" to the winds so loftily, and are all in such a light blaze of desire for "purity," that to a steady-going old Republican who also wishes purity the situation must be just a little bewildering. Mr. Doolittle, for instance, declared for "equal rights" at Baltimore in a truly startling way. "*We'll* give you equal rights," his tone distinctly said; and it was not an altogether agreeable tone. An ogre smacking his lips, and shaking his finger at a fat urchin, and saying, "I'll protect you, my boy," would perhaps not inspire perfect confidence in a young mind familiar with the history of ogres.

And Mr. Andrew Johnson now joins the Greeley host. We all voted for him in 1864, but we did not know him then. Now we do know him, and it is because of that very knowledge that his coming will hardly excite enthusiasm even at the Glenham Hotel. Mr. Andrew Johnson's form of expressing his adhesion is one of the most delightful things of the campaign: and a more amusing collection of the kind could not be made than that of the phrases in which Mr. Greeley has been accepted by many of his most conspicuous supporters. Mr. Andrew Johnson says, according to the report, that "he accepted Greeley on the principle of universal pressure of circumstances beyond human control, which has limited the choice to two men." That seems to imply that if it were humanly possible to oppose Mr. Greeley, Mr. Johnson would stand out; but that since the alternative is Grant or Greeley, and the battle cry is "Any thing to beat Grant," he will support Greeley. This is not an all-conquering enthusiasm.

Between this day and the 5th of November those honest old Union men and Republicans who find themselves in line with Andrew Johnson, but who have always held to the Republican party, because they believed its principles and that its national dominance was indispensable to real peace, will ask themselves whether, upon the whole, the cause for which we have all suffered—the cause of equality, national harmony, and peace—is safer in the hands of those to whom Andrew Johnson and Semmes and Tammany Hall naturally turn than in those of Grant and the party who sustained him in the field, and withstood Johnson in the cabinet. "For four years," they will say, "we have watched Grant's Administration. We are somewhat disappointed. It is not just what we wished. But can the re-election of Grant be so great a disaster to our country as the return to power of the great organized host of those who tried to destroy it, however penitent they may be?" We do not fear the answer.

## "THEY [THE DEMOCRATS] ARE IN REALITY REPUBLICANS."

Those who have been heretofore Republicans and who now propose to support the Democratic alliance ought to consider very carefully the real situation. Behind all the talk about conciliation and forgetfulness and starting anew and burying the past there are a conviction and a purpose which no man can safely disregard. The proofs are on all sides. Look at one of them:

At the close of the year 1860, when the plot of rebellion was fast maturing, Mr. Buchanan sent the message to Congress in which he said that nothing had occurred which would justify the States in seceding, but that if they did, there was no help for it. In his history of the American Conflict Mr. Greeley comments upon this message at length, and then adds: "Behind this pitiable exhibition was an elaborate opinion from Hon. Jeremiah S. Black, of Pennsylvania, Mr. Buchanan's Attorney-General, sustaining and elaborating the President's most fatal errors. After setting forth in a most grudging and technical fashion the occasions on which the President is authorized to use force in support of the violated laws of the land, Mr. Black proceeds as follows." Mr. Greeley further characterizes this opinion as "disorganizing," and as an "avowal of a fixed purpose to 'let the Union slide' on the part of the President and his legal adviser."

When General Cass, too honorable a man even to seem to countenance the conspiracy in the cabinet against the Union and liberty, resigned, Mr. Buchanan made his Attorney-General Secretary of State. And there is no name in the recent history of the country, not excepting that of Jefferson Davis, more distasteful to honorable and patriotic Americans than that of Jeremiah S. Black. For it is felt that he furnished both will and ability to the scheme of secession, and did more than any other man to paralyze the hand of the Government at the critical moment when the rebellion really began. Mr. Black's opinions have never changed. He was and is philosophically a secessionist. His views of the Constitution have not been changed by a military victory. His feelings in regard to Republican administration may be inferred. His sentiments upon reconstruction are upon record. Mr. Jeremiah S. Black is the type of those whose administration of the government would be most pernicious to every thing that is most precious to patriotic men and Republicans, and he has written a letter in favor of the election of Mr. Greeley.

This letter is a striking illustration of the utter hollowness of the pretense that the Democratic party is converted. We quote various passages. Having said that the choice is limited to Grant and Greeley, he adds:

> "Even if we find no good in either of them, we must take that one who appears to be least bad."

And this man, who tried to betray the country to ruin and four millions of Americans to hopeless slavery, coolly continues:

> "That love of liberty and justice which used to pervade the whole community now 'reneges all temper,' and yields without resistance to the unprincipled demagogues who would enthrone fraud."
>
> "Now as to Greeley. It can not be pretended that his political life is very symmetrical. He was in the ranks of the radical Abolitionists for a good many years. That is bad, for such associations would have a natural tendency to debase him. But we must not forget that, though he was with them, he was not always of them. He refused to be a participator in their worst iniquities; he had none of their diabolical hatred for the Constitution; he did not lend his lips to their ribald blasphemies; and his feet were never swift in running to shed innocent blood.... In short, although he did join the Abolitionists in their 'devil's dance,' he never learned to keep step with his partners....
>
> "The errors of his past life were caused by certain evil communications, from which he has clean escaped.... Yet the reluctance which many of us feel to vote for either of them [Grant or Greeley] is hard to overcome. I did and do most heartily sympathize with that class which received Mr. Greeley's nomination in much sorrow."

Mr. Black then proceeds to denounce the new amendments:

> "The Fourteenth and Fifteenth amendments were frauds upon the spirit and letter of the instrument, inasmuch as they effected the worst outrage which it was made to prevent. They were carried against the known will of nearly every State in the Union, by shameless deception in the North, and by brutal violence in the South. 'May this be washed in Lethe and forgotten?' Certainly not, as long as any portion of our people are compelled to bear the intolerable burthen of the yoke thus fastened upon them....
>
> "Democrats who disliked Mr. Greeley's nomination have reflected well, and, I think, will support him with almost perfect unanimity. *The thought that a victory will not give us every thing at once* may diminish in some degree 'the rapture of the strife,' but it will not impair the efficiency of their support."

This is the latest instance of Democratic conversion. "The past is rejected," says Mr. Sumner, "and a new future is begun, with the promise of concord." Mr. Black's letter, which unquestionably expresses the sentiments of the entire Southern Democracy and four-fifths of that in the rest of the country, shows precisely how it is rejected. "Freely I accept the hand that is offered," says Mr. Sumner; and to the hand of Jeremiah Black he is willing to confide the enforcement of the amendments and the maintenance of equal rights!

What other Republican wishes to "clasp hands" with Mr. Black to lift the "intolerable burthen" of the amendments which embody the results of the war, and which we are vociferously assured by Greeley orators every body, and especially Democrats, have sincerely ratified? Who speaks for the Democratic party—Mr. Sumner or Mr. Black? "They may continue Democrats in name, but they are in reality Republicans," says Mr. Sumner. "The thought that a victory will not give us [Democrats] every thing at once may diminish in some degree the rapture of the strife," says Mr. Black. Which of them, we repeat, speaks for the party with which Liberal Republicans have clasped hands?

This letter of Mr. Black's, like the speeches and letters of most representative Democrats, shows that nothing is so desirable for the coalition, and nothing so perilous for the country, as that the past should be forgotten.

## ECHOES FROM THE FIELD.

In a recent eloquent speech advocating the re-election of General Grant, Mr. Shellabarger, of Ohio, one of the purest and ablest representatives in Congress, said: "I declare, and in response to those who accuse him of infidelity to the black race, that one single sentence of that inaugural which to the shout of fifty thousand people I heard him utter from the east porch of the Capitol, and which is in these words, 'I entertain the hope and express the desire that it [the right of the colored man to vote] may be settled by the ratification of the Fifteenth Article of amendment to the Constitution,' did more for the colored man than all the acts in the lives of all his traducers put together."

Frederick Douglass, in a fervent appeal

to his race, says: "Are we prepared to vote for the nominees of the Democratic party, whose hearts never have changed toward us, who kept us in slavery as long as they had the power, and who, if they had the power again, would (to say the least of it) do their very utmost to restrict our liberties and oppress us as of old? Mr. Sumner may deceive himself; he can not deceive us...... With Grant our security is unquestionable—our happiness will be made lasting."

General Garfield, speaking in Kansas, says: "It is the old fight—the slavery fight. The old minority contests. Dare any one lead one of these newly enfranchised citizens into the Democratic camp and tell him that with it is peace and security for his rights?......'Tis the same old party that confronted us in 1864. They are the men that resisted the war, that forgot to be glad when our arms triumphed, and forgot to be sad when they wavered."

General Garfield is probably "raking in the ashes." He is "fighting old battles." He is "tearing open the wounds of the war." He forgets that there is no past; that Democrats have become Republicans; that Messrs. Wade Hampton, Semmes, Beauregard, and Jeremiah Black are anxious to enforce the amendments, as Mr. Black's letter conclusively shows, and as Mr. Beck further proves in saying that if President Greeley should try to be "radical," the Democratic Congress to be elected with him would tie his hands. General Hodge, of Kentucky, also proves how profound is the Democratic repentance by saying that in the coming triumph of Mr. Greeley he feels that his comrades of the lost cause have not died in vain, but that it would be a victory of that for which they fought. General Garfield ought to know that by-gones are by-gones. There are no Democrats any more. There are no perils except the re-election of the President. Greeley and the millennium are identical terms. The general has evidently not yet learned that in the new Greeley era of good feeling naught is every thing and every thing is naught.

## PARTIES AND PARTY ACTION.

The cardinal error of the Cincinnati movement seemed to us before the meeting of the Convention to be this—that it assumed the existence of an era of good feeling, in which nothing need be considered but special reforms of administration. It assumed that parties were dissolved, and that Democrat and Republican had ceased to be names of any significance. The conviction that this was a grave error has only been strengthened since the Convention adjourned. If parties were merely formal and logical associations: if feeling of every kind—passion, pride, prejudice, anger, mortification, revenge—did not enter into them: it would, indeed, be reasonable to conclude that when the country decided against a policy the party that supported it would dissolve, and its members unite in fresh combinations for new purposes. But this is not the history of parties. They are not formal and logical. The success of one does not lead to the disbanding of the other. They continue, at election after election, in the face of reverse and defeat, to contest the control of the government.

For more than twenty years the Federal party, always defeated, fought the old National Republicans. For twenty years more the Whig party contended with the Democratic. The Federal and Whig parties finally disappeared. But why did they live so long in the shade, and why did they finally disappear? It was because a party policy represents the profound conviction of a great body of citizens. They will not accept one defeat, nor habitual failure, for the same reason that an individual will not. They believe in their cause. And only when incessant discomfiture has shown that success is absolutely hopeless under any pretense and by any effort does the party gradually dissolve by individual changes, and so disappear. The sign of the abandonment of its efforts and hopes is its disorganization. In 1820 the Federalists nominated no candidate. It was the end of the party as such.

But while the organization of the party continues it is a party still, and the organization is the sign that it still cherishes designs and hopes of success. And when that is the situation, when the great dividing principles and policies are still advocated, they are necessarily the main consideration in the campaign. The organization will be still controlled by the convictions that made it a party, and whatever its professions, its tendency is forecast. This is merely to say that a political party is not a body of Hessians which now fights for one cause and then for another, which is marched and countermarched; now for a bank, then against it; now for free trade, then for protection. The party dissolves when the party objects are fully accomplished, or when they are evidently hopeless. But while the party exists it is because its objects are not felt to be hopeless. Therefore, also, a party does not disappear because of a theory that it ought to disappear, nor of an individual conviction that the contest is absolutely settled. That is a point which party instinct alone determines.

Senator Schurz, in his speech at Nashville last autumn, said that the time had come to form a new party. There was some thought of that kind, doubtless, in the Cincinnati project. But here were the two old parties fully organized and arrayed, and the result of the Cincinnati effort was that some members of one of the parties broke away from it, while the other party, intact and enthusiastic, by a bold strategy adopted the Cincinnati candidate and platform, its own organization remaining untouched, and the whole party impetus unchanged, and made more menacing by the absorption of the Cincinnati vote. There is no new party, as Mr. Schurz predicted. He and a few Republicans intend to vote for the candidate of the old Democratic party; and Mr. Sumner deliberately says that that party has become virtually Republican by the nomination. Such a theory is simply incredible. But even were it sound, why should Democrats be expected to be better Republicans than Republicans?

The *Nation* points out a comical and unconscious commentary of Mr. Schurz himself upon the actual situation. The assumption of Cincinnati was that all fundamental questions being settled, the important point of the election was special reforms. Of these the chief were two: one the reform of the civil service, the other of the revenue system. But the reformers having evaded the last by the most ludicrous verbal juggle ever introduced into a platform, and having pronounced strongly for the first, and nominated a candidate, Mr. Schurz gravely writes to the candidate who is to be the representative of civil service reform to know if he is really in favor of it, and if he habitually associates with disreputable politicians! This is one of the most comical incidents of the campaign; and no one who observes the situation attentively will fail to see that the question is merely of a Democratic restoration, with such chances of "reform" as that party is likely to offer.

## THE KU-KLUX PRISONERS.

Mr. Gerrit Smith, always a philanthropist, wrote to the President for clemency to some of the Ku-Klux convicts in the Albany Penitentiary; and the President directed Colonel Whitley, the chief of the Secret Service, to go to the prison and report whether, in his judgment, any of the prisoners should be pardoned. About forty examinations were made, none of the men knowing that any one else had been called out, nor the official character of Colonel Whitley, nor the object of his visit. His report is brief, but very interesting.

The answers of the prisoners fully expose the infamous character of the Ku-Klux conspiracy. Colonel Whitley says that in reply to the general inquiry into the objects of the association the answer almost invariably was: "When we joined the order we supposed it to be a society established for mutual protection, but after having been fully initiated discovered it to be for a political purpose, which purpose was embodied in an oath in which we swore to oppose the radical party in all its forms, and prevent the negroes from voting. It was this great deception that misled us, and which has brought us into our present condition." They spoke also of crimes which they had committed, but into the commission of which they claim to have been betrayed by unscrupulous and designing men of more enlightened minds.

Indeed, their story only confirms the truth that has been amply established by the immense body of evidence collected by the Congressional committee of investigation upon this subject. "Reconciliation," it will not be forgotten, means repeal of the laws of the United States for the defeat and punishment of this conspiracy. Colonel Whitley recommends a number of the convicts to Executive clemency; and his report comes opportunely to remind the country of a condition of society that it can not safely forget.

## PERSONAL.

The editor of the San Francisco *Bulletin*, who recently had a pleasant visit with Mr. Thurlow Weed, says his intellect shines with unclouded lustre. It has lost nothing of that wonderful vigor that made its possessor such a power in the world. Never was he more rich in the treasures of memory, more keenly alive to all good and beautiful impressions, more suggestive in conversation, more fresh in gift of speech. His memory of past events is simply marvelous. The incidents of fifty years ago are as fresh as those of yesterday. It is a rare delight to listen to his discourse of the past, his descriptions of the scenes and of the men of a by-gone generation. And while he is not indifferent to the present, his mind dwells largely in the past. He loves to get hold of old people, to talk over old times, and review old recollections. He will converse by the hour with some old fellow whom he knew when he was young and poor, persistently pumping the driest social fountain, and gleaning some scrap of history from the most barren soil. The other day he met a man in the horse-cars whom he recognized as having known in Rochester over half a century ago. He even recalled his name, and inquired about several mutual friends, the man all the while wondering who the deuce he was talking to. As they got down town Mr. Weed invited him home to his house to lunch. As he entered the palatial mansion, with its deep fountain and fine paintings, he looked at Mr. Weed with an imploring air, as much as to say, "Who in thunder *are* you, anyway?" when the latter gave him his name. His delight was equal to his astonishment, since he had been a great admirer of Mr. Weed, but had never had the courage to approach him since he became famous.

—The Rev. Thomas Chalk, an English clergyman, has been sent out as a missionary by the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel. It is expected that he will make his mark.

—The lectures which Mr. Edmund Yates proposes to deliver in this country will be of a humorous character, on English society, and will be illustrated with life-size cartoons by one of the artists of *Punch*.

—Major Washington Richards, of Reading, Pennsylvania, is the owner of a solid silver cigar-case, which has a history. It was manufactured in Germany by Gucher, a famous silversmith in his day, to the order of General Peter Muhlenberg, the "fighting preacher of the American Revolution." By him it was presented to General Francis Swaine, who was a drummer-boy in the Revolution and a general in the war of 1812. By the latter it was given to Henry Muhlenberg Richards, the father of Major Richards, who fifty years ago left it to its present possessor.

—Among the good men of Rhode Island recently deceased was the Rev. Dr. Crane, rector of St. Luke's Church, East Greenwich, a graduate of Brown University in 1823, and a classmate of the late Chief Justice Samuel Ames and George D. Prentice. He was at one time president of Kemper College.

—Chief Justice Charles P. Daly, the scholar par excellence of the bench of the city, if not of the State of New York, found some time since in a bookstore a battered copy of the famous Ptolemy of 1482, which contains the first *printed* map of the New World. This volume he secured and presented to the American Geographical Society, of which he is president. This volume was sent to Europe to be restored and rebound. It now returns arranged in almost a new dress, which shows the degree of skill to which European restorers of old books have attained. The title-page was in a bad condition, nearly all the margin and a portion of the imprint being gone; yet it is now as good as new, all parts of the leaf appearing alike, except when held between the eye and a strong light. The printed portion was restored by the pen; every leaf has been thoroughly cleaned and repaired, and the maps have been securely mounted on cloth. The result is a most elegant and valuable volume, which, so far as our knowledge goes, can not be duplicated by any public library in the United States, though one or two private collections boast a Ptolemy of 1508.

—Colonel John S. Mosby, whose exploits as a Confederate officer form one of the striking features of the late war, is not the sanguinary-looking person his history might indicate him to be. He is some thirty-five years old, about five feet seven inches high, slender, with rather broad shoulders, slightly rounded, a piercing eye, and a face indicative of great strength of character. His hair is light brown, cut close, and his face is closely shaven. His voice is peculiar, being in the higher notes sharp and decisive, and in the lower soft and melodious.

—James Anthony Froude, the eminent English historian, has been engaged to deliver a course of lectures at Cornell University during the coming winter. Goldwin Smith is also to deliver a course during the present term. Two new professors are to be attached to the College of Literature, and another to the College of Chemistry and Physics.

—Mr. Herbert Spencer is thus photographed by a gentleman who recently interviewed him: His chin is as clean shaven as that of a Yorkshire squire. He has thin whiskers, a bald head, and a certain dandyism of perfect neatness in all externals, as though he were a man who had nothing to do but keep himself clean. His brow is not very striking, and his features wear the air of dignified repose. The difference between Spencer's philosophy of existence and the belief of Christianity is briefly stated as follows: "At the end of the philosopher's prospect of nature there is but a cold, dark, impenetrable wall of mystery, while for the Christian the gap is filled up by the form of the living God."

—Lord Hatherly, who feels obliged, from failing health, to resign the Lord Chancellorship of England, is one of the most able and enlightened jurists that ever adorned the woolsack. He is known, also, as being a very religious man, and in his profession is admired not more for intellect and industry than for scrupulous conscientiousness. In devotion to the Church he is more pronounced than Lord Westbury, his recent predecessor, whose famous decision in the "Essays and Reviews" case elicited the remark that he "had abolished the eternity of punishment, dismissed hell with costs, and deprived orthodox sinners of the last chance of eternal damnation."

—The editor of a Boston paper says: "The New York *Times* newsboys' picnic only cost about $800. Strange how much good a little money will do if philanthropy holds the purse!" In Boston they don't have any little ragamuffins. After the newsboys sell out their morning papers they all go directly back to Harvard.

—Mr. James C. Napier has been promoted to a position in the Sixth Auditor's office. He is a graduate of Howard University, and the first colored person in the government service at Washington to receive promotion under the new civil service rules.

—Professor Blyden, an educated gentleman of color, and an accomplished Arabic scholar, now on an exploring expedition to the interior of Africa, writes from a town eighty miles from Freetown, Sierra Leone, that he has found a Mohammedan university with about a thousand persons connected with it, among them a large number of girls studying Arabic. The teachers were glad to get the Arabic Bible published by the American Bible Society, and not unwilling to admit it as a text-book.

—The Rev. Dr. Cuyler, of Brooklyn, who has just returned from abroad, is especially commended by the foreign press. The London *Christian Age* says that since Dr. Kirk, of Boston, left such "fragrant memories," no American has made a deeper and more salutary impression than Dr. Cuyler, and none more stirring or successful. The young, in particular, flocked to hear him.

—Lord Houghton has sent to the Chicago Library a number of volumes, including his own works, on the first volume of which is written, "This first edition (privately printed) of 'The Poems of Richard Monckton Milnes, Baron Houghton,' part owner of the parishes of Bawley, Austerfield, and Scoresby, in the county of Yorkshire, England—from which the most eminent of the Pilgrim Fathers went forth to make the New World—is presented to the Chicago New Library, with the deepest sentiments of national kinship and private regard. July 23, 1872."

—George Macdonald, who comes hither next month, has already the largest number of lecture engagements ever made by a foreigner before arriving on republican soil.

—George Sand's intellect is clear and bright as ever. Her last novel, "Namon," is said to be one of her best.

—It is intimated in stock circles that both Mr. Daniel Drew and Bischoffsheim & Goldsmidt made large profits in the five million operation to which they were parties. The modus operandi was this: B. & G. sold short 50,000 shares at high prices, borrowed the stock for delivery, and repaid the stock thus borrowed with the 50,000 bought of Mr. Drew at 55. The sufferers were the multitude of smaller operators to whom they peddled out at 65 @ 75. B. & G. are said to have made $7,000,000 by the operation; Mr. Drew, $1,200,000.

—John A. Coleman, of Providence, has received $3800 from the New York and New Haven Railroad Company, as damages, after four years' litigation, for ejectment from a train, he offering for his fare at the time a coupon ticket. Passengers, after all, have some rights that courts respect, even as against railway corporations.

—Hon. William M. Evarts, not more famous for legal ability than for being known among his friends as an admirable *raconteur*, is said to give the most expensive as well as most agreeable entertainments of any diplomate at Geneva.

—Walt Whitman is reported to be on the eve of a trip to Europe; while in England he will be the guest of Tennyson.

—Commodore Vanderbilt, who is now on his customary summer visit to Saratoga, refuses to receive any telegraphic dispatches, and will see none of his subordinates on business; plays euchre four hours each day, and appears to be in capital spirits; drives out every afternoon with his wife and her mother, Mrs. Crawford, and enjoys himself as much as a man can who has tallied seventy-eight on life's score, and has an income of fourteen thousand dollars a day.

—The Honorable Joseph Dowling, who presides over one of the temples of justice in this city, where the right of man to "life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness" is ruthlessly set at naught, and the violator of propriety is "sent up" to the island purchased of the late Mr. Blackwell, recently paid a visit to the ex-Emperor of the French at Chiselhurst, and had quite a chat with that person. On leaving, L. N. presented J. D. with a handsome miniature of himself (L. N.) in oil-colors.

## DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

The Crispins of Lynn, Massachusetts, held a large meeting recently, and passed resolutions expressing great indignation at the action of certain manufacturers in that city, and of their determination to maintain their "rights" at any cost.

The New York Democratic State Central Committee have resolved to hold the State Convention at Syracuse September 4. The "Liberals" will hold a convention at the same place and on the same day.

General Butler, in reply to an inquiry put by Mr. John B. Alley, writes declining to become a candidate for Governor of Massachusetts.

The Spanish ram *Numancia*, one week from Havana, reached New York August 12 with sixteen cases of yellow fever on board. The vessel was strictly quarantined, and the sick men were removed to the hospital.

Dr. George B. Loring has accepted an invitation to preside at the Massachusetts Republican State Convention, to be held at Worcester.

The border Indians are again on the war-path. Tabby, a well-known chief, sends word to the Mormon bishops that he can no longer control his tribe, and Governor Woods has made a requisition on General Morrow for troops.

Six workmen engaged in the mines near Centralia, Pennsylvania, who worked contrary to the rules of a labor organization called the "Molly Maguires," were fired upon recently on their way homeward, and three of them were seriously wounded. The wretches who attacked them all escaped.

A warrant was issued August 14 for $336,817 in payment of the Kansas war claims.

James H. Ingersoll, better known as the "Ring Chairmaker," was arrested August 15 on two charges of forgery involving large sums of money. When arraigned at the bar of the General Sessions Court he pleaded "Not guilty," and was admitted to bail in the sum of $10,000. He was then arrested by the sheriff on civil suit, in which he gave surety of $500,000 to answer.

## FOREIGN NEWS.

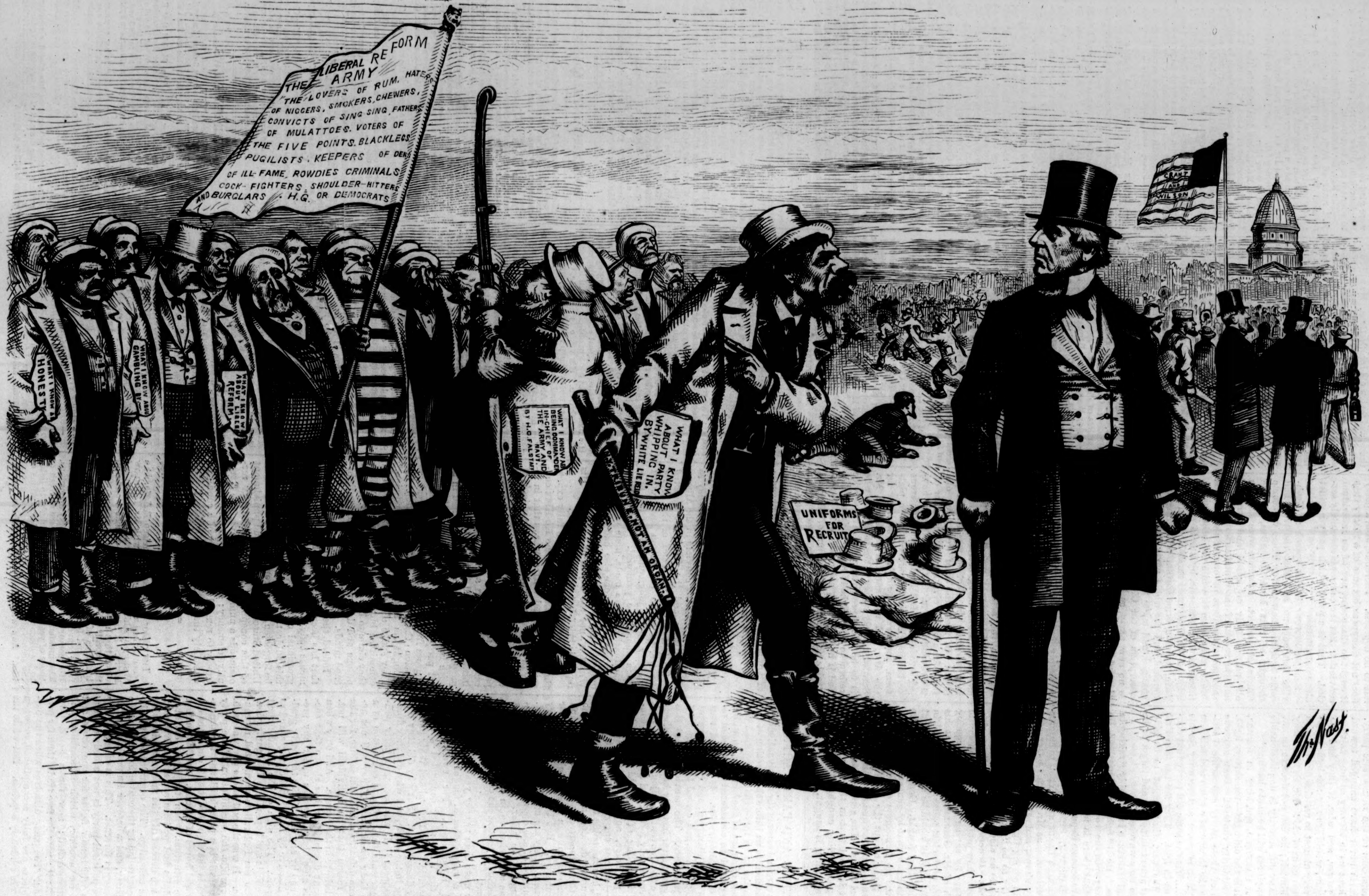
The Geneva Tribunal has not yet finished its session, but there is promise of a speedy conclusion. Its decisions are said to be very favorable to the United States government.

It appears by later reports from Madrid that King Amadeus has not signed a decree for the abolition of slavery in Cuba and Porto Rico. What he did sign was simply a code of rules providing for the enforcement of the law passed by the Cortes in 1869 making preparations for the emancipation of slaves in Spanish colonies.

The German war upon the Jesuits has commenced in real earnest. The first of active hostilities was the forcible closing of a Jesuit establishment at Issenheim, Alsace.

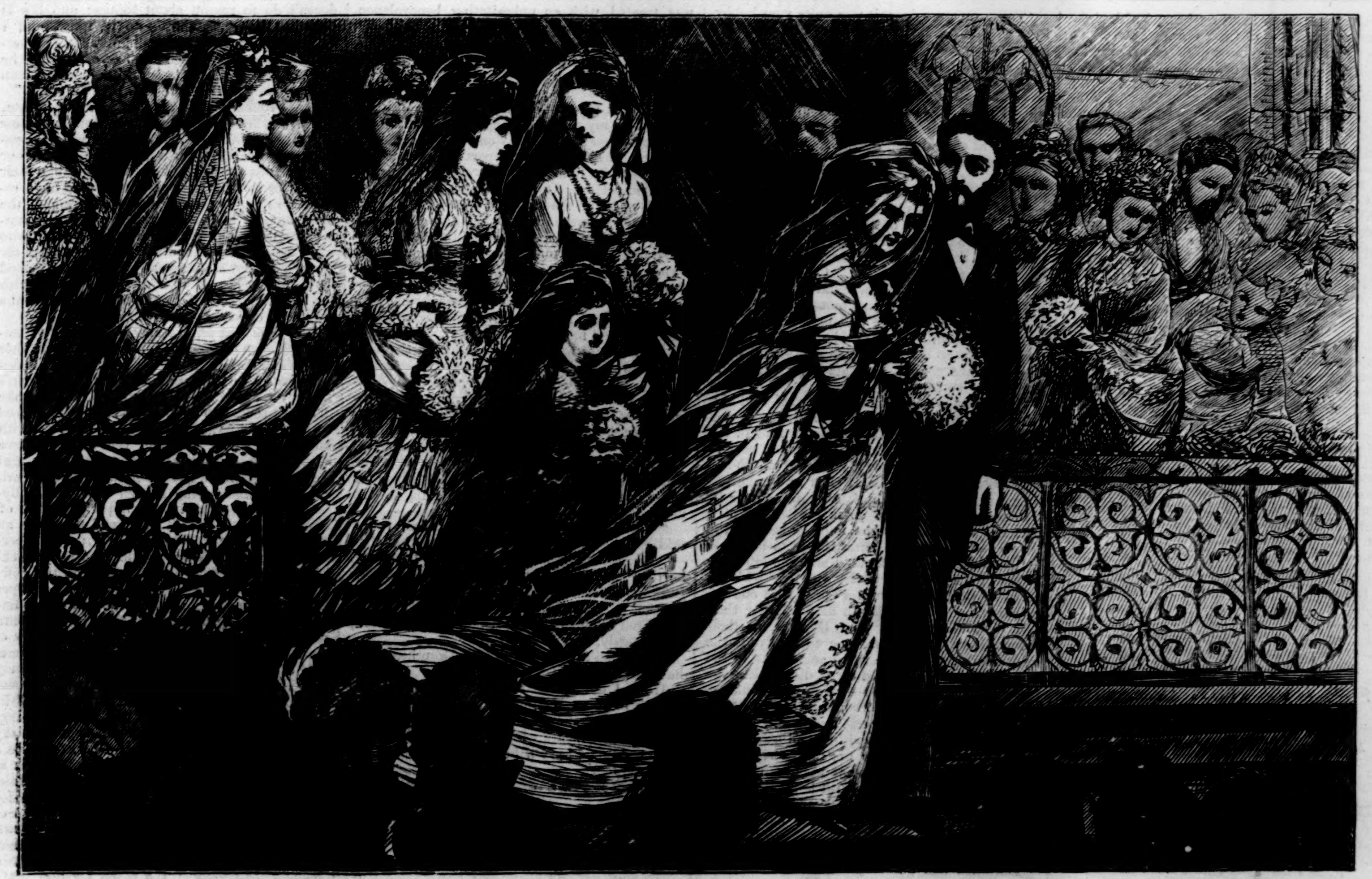
An official dispatch from Mazatlan to San Francisco says that Diaz has determined to lay down his arms and embrace the pardon offered in the recent amnesty act for political offenders.

The English government has placed a number of soldiers at the disposal of the farmers in Oxfordshire, where the strike of the agricultural laborers for higher wages is still in progress.


THE LIBERAL REFORM ARMY
"THE LOVERS OF RUM, HATERS OF NIGGERS, SMOKERS, CHEWERS, CONVICTS OF SING SING, FATHERS OF MULATTOES, VOTERS OF THE FIVE POINTS, BLACKLEGS PUGILISTS, KEEPERS OF DENS OF ILL-FAME, ROWDIES CRIMINALS COCK-FIGHTERS, SHOULDER-HITTERS AND BURGLARS" H.G. OR DEMOCRATS
WHAT I KNOW ABOUT HONESTY
WHAT I KNOW ABOUT GAMBLING BY —
WHAT I KNOW ABOUT LIBERAL REFORM
WHAT I KNOW ABOUT BEING COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF OF THE ARMY AND NAVY. BY H.G. FALSTAFF
WHAT I KNOW ABOUT PARTY WHIPPING IN. BY WHITE LIE REID
N.Y. TRIBUNE. NOT AN ORGAN.
UNIFORMS FOR RECRUITS
GRANT AND WILSON
Th. Nast.

THE NEW DEMOCRATIC PARTY WHIP—WHIPPING INTO LINE.

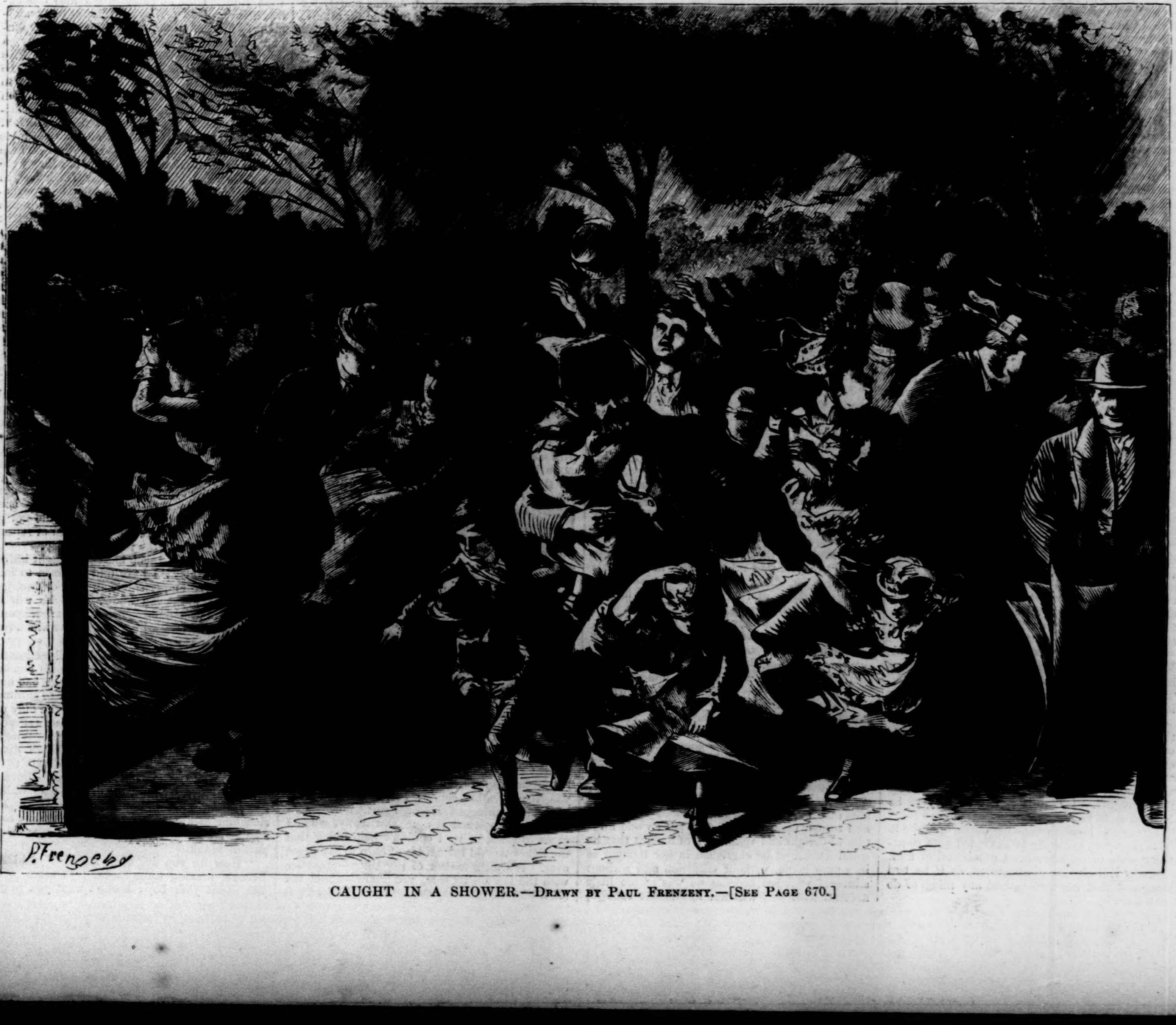
*Independent Democrat.* "I do not belong to your Class of Democrats."



THE MARRIAGE OF MLLE. NILSSON.

## THE MARRIAGE OF MLLE. NILSSON.

The marriage of this lady to M. Auguste Rouzaud took place in Westminster Abbey on the 27th of July, in the presence of a large number of friends and admirers. The effect inside the Abbey is described by an eye-witness as very charming. Most of the people present were ladies, whose bright-colored dresses irradiated the old building. At last the organ struck up an air of Handel's, "Guardian Angel. O protect her," and then the choristers and clergy slowly advanced up the aisle, the choristers singing the German chorale, "Now thank we all our God." Dean Stanley walked first before the bride, who leaned on the arm of Count Steinbach, secretary to the Swedish embassy. The fair Christine looked pale, and a little anxious, but very lovely. There were five bride-maids, who wore white muslin flounced skirts, and tunics



CAUGHT IN A SHOWER.—Drawn by Paul Frenzeny.—[See Page 670.]

of aquamarine-colored satin, trimmed with pink, and had blush-roses in their hair. The service was performed in the middle of the choir. Before the address a marriage chorale was sung by the choir, and after the benediction the organ pealed out "The Wedding March." Then the procession came back, and Madame Rouzaud, who looked less pale than at the beginning, acknowledged the salutations in the sweetest manner as she passed along.

A word about her husband. M. Auguste Rouzaud's grandfather, we learn from the Paris *Figaro*, was a poor locksmith at Jonzac, Lower Charente. His son went out as a clerk to the Isle of Bourbon, where he gradually rose to be the chief of a large commercial house. His younger sons carry on the business in conjunction with their father; but Auguste, we are told, by reason of his artistic instincts, is somewhat unfitted for trade. "Love laughs at locksmiths," says the old proverb; but in this case Love has smiled on the locksmith's grandson by presenting him with a wife who need only open her pretty mouth to cause a shower of bank-notes to fall around her.

## CAUGHT IN A SHOWER.

The lower sketch on page 669 illustrates one of those little episodes that add spice and variety to summer picnics. A sudden shower has surprised a party of pleasure-seekers in our Central Park, who are flying in all directions in search of shelter from the gusts of rain. The clouds, it is to be hoped, will soon blow over, and the sun come forth to restore every body to good humor.

(Continued from No. 816, page 643.)

# MIDDLEMARCH:

## A STUDY OF PROVINCIAL LIFE.

By GEORGE ELIOT,

Author of "Adam Bede," "Romola," etc.

## BOOK IV.

## THREE LOVE PROBLEMS.

### CHAPTER XXXIX.

"If, as I have, you also doe,
Vertue attired in woman see,
And dare love that, and say so too,
And forget the Hee and She;

"And if this love, though placed so,
From prophane men you hide,
Which will no faith on this bestow,
Or, if they doe, deride:

"Then you have done a braver thing
Than all the Worthies did,
And a braver thence will spring,
Which is, to keep that hid."
—Dr. Donne.

Sir James Chettam's mind was not fruitful in devices, but his growing anxiety to "act on Brooke," once brought close to his constant belief in Dorothea's capacity for influence, became formative, and issued in a little plan; namely, to plead Celia's indisposition as a reason for fetching Dorothea by herself to the Hall, and to leave her at the Grange with the carriage on the way, after making her fully aware of the situation concerning the management of the estate.

In this way it happened that one day, near four o'clock, when Mr. Brooke and Ladislaw were seated in the library, the door opened, and Mrs. Casaubon was announced.

Will, the moment before, had been low in the depths of boredom, and, obliged to help Mr. Brooke in arranging "documents" about hanging sheep-stealers, was exemplifying the power our minds have of riding several horses at once by inwardly arranging measures toward getting a lodging for himself in Middlemarch and cutting short his constant residence at the Grange; while there flitted through all these steadier images a tickling vision of a sheep-stealing epic written with Homeric particularity. When Mrs. Casaubon was announced he started up as from an electric shock, and felt a tingling at his finger-ends. Any one observing him would have seen a change in his complexion, in the adjustment of his facial muscles, in the vividness of his glance, which might have made them imagine that every molecule in his body had passed the message of a magic touch. And so it had. For effective magic is transcendent nature; and who shall measure the subtlety of those touches which convey the quality of soul as well as body, and make a man's passion for one woman differ from his passion for another as joy in the morning light over valley and river and white mountain-top differs from joy among Chinese lanterns and glass panels? Will, too, was made of very impressible stuff. The bow of a violin drawn near him cleverly would at one stroke change the aspect of the world for him; and his point of view shifted as easily as his mood. Dorothea's entrance was the freshness of morning.

"Well, my dear, this is pleasant, now," said Mr. Brooke, meeting and kissing her. "You have left Casaubon with his books, I suppose. That's right. We must not have you getting too learned for a woman, you know."

"There is no fear of that, uncle," said Dorothea, turning to Will and shaking hands with open cheerfulness, while she made no other form of greeting, but went on answering her uncle. "I am very slow. When I want to be busy with books, I am often playing truant among my thoughts. I find it is not so easy to be learned as to plan cottages."

She seated herself beside her uncle, opposite to Will, and was evidently preoccupied with something that made her almost unmindful of him. He was ridiculously disappointed, as if he had imagined that her coming had any thing to do with him.

"Why, yes, my dear, it was quite your hobby to draw plans. But it was good to break that off a little. Hobbies are apt to run away with us, you know; it doesn't do to be run away with. We must keep the reins. I have never let myself be run away with; I always pulled up. That is what I tell Ladislaw. He and I are alike, you know: he likes to go into every thing. We are working at capital punishments. We shall do a great deal together, Ladislaw and I."

"Yes," said Dorothea, with characteristic directness, "Sir James has been telling me that he is in hope of seeing a great change made soon in your management of the estate—that you are thinking of having the farms valued, and repairs made, and the cottages improved, so that Tipton may look quite another place. Oh, how happy!" she went on, clasping her hands with a return to that more child-like, impetuous manner which had been subdued since her marriage. "If I were at home still, I should take to riding again, that I might go about with you and see all that! And you are going to engage Mr. Garth, who praised my cottages, Sir James says."

"Chettam is a little hasty, my dear," said Mr. Brooke, coloring slightly. "A little hasty, you know. I never said I should do any thing of the kind. I never said I should *not* do it, you know."

"He only feels confident that you will do it," said Dorothea, in a voice as clear and unhesitating as that of a young chorister chanting a *credo*, "because you mean to enter Parliament as a member who cares for the improvement of the people; and one of the first things to be made better is the state of the land and the laborers. Think of Kit Downes, uncle, who lives with his wife and seven children in a house with one sitting-room and one bedroom hardly larger than this table!—and those poor Dagleys, in their tumble-down farm-house, where they live in the back-kitchen and leave the other rooms to the rats! That is one reason why I did not like the pictures here, dear uncle—which you think me stupid about. I used to come from the village with all that dirt and coarse ugliness like a pain within me, and the simpering pictures in the drawing-room seemed to me like a wicked attempt to find delight in what is false, while we don't mind how hard the truth is for the neighbors outside our walls. I think we have no right to come forward and urge wider changes for good until we have tried to alter the evils which lie under our own hands."

Dorothea had gathered emotion as she went on, and had forgotten every thing except the relief of pouring forth her feelings, unchecked—an experience once habitual with her, but hardly ever present since her marriage, which had been a perpetual struggle of energy with fear. For the moment, Will's admiration was accompanied with a chilling sense of remoteness. A man is seldom ashamed of feeling that he can not love a woman so well when he sees a certain greatness in her—nature having intended greatness for men. But nature has sometimes made sad oversights in carrying out her intention; as in the case of good Mr. Brooke, whose masculine consciousness was at this moment in rather a stammering condition under the eloquence of his niece. He could not immediately find any other mode of expressing himself than that of rising, fixing his eyeglass, and fingering the papers before him. At last he said:

"There is something in what you say, my dear, something in what you say—but not every thing—eh, Ladislaw? You and I don't like our pictures and statues being found fault with. Young ladies are a little ardent, you know—a little one-sided, my dear. Fine art, poetry, that kind of thing, elevates a nation—*emollit mores*—you understand a little Latin now. But—eh, what?"

These interrogatives were addressed to the footman, who had come in to say that the keeper had found one of Dagley's boys with a leveret in his hand, just killed.

"I'll come, I'll come. I shall let him off easily, you know," said Mr. Brooke aside to Dorothea, shuffling away very cheerfully.

"I hope you feel how right this change is that I—that Sir James wishes for," said Dorothea to Will, as soon as her uncle was gone.

"I do, now I have heard you speak about it. I shall not forget what you have said. But can you think of something else at this moment? I may not have another opportunity of speaking to you about what has occurred," said Will, rising with a movement of impatience, and holding the back of his chair with both hands.

"Pray tell me what it is," said Dorothea, anxiously, also rising and going to the open window, where Monk was looking in, panting and wagging his tail. She leaned her back against the window-frame, and laid her hand on the dog's head; for though, as we know, she was not fond of pets that must be held in the hands or trodden on, she was always attentive to the feelings of dogs, and very polite if she had to decline their advances.

Will followed her only with his eyes, and said, "I presume you know that Mr. Casaubon has forbidden me to go to his house."

"No, I did not," said Dorothea, after a moment's pause. She was evidently much moved. "I am very, very sorry," she added, mournfully. She was thinking of what Will had no knowledge of—the conversation between her and her husband in the darkness; and she was anew smitten with hopelessness that she could influence Mr. Casaubon's action. But the marked expression of her sorrow convinced Will that it was not all given to him personally, and that Dorothea had not been visited by the idea that Mr. Casaubon's dislike and jealousy of him turned upon herself. He felt an odd mixture of delight and vexation: of delight that he could dwell and be cherished in her thought as in a pure home, without suspicion and without stint—of vexation because he was of too little account with her, was not formidable enough, was treated with an unhesitating benevolence which did not flatter him. But his dread of any change in Dorothea was stronger than his discontent, and he began to speak again in a tone of mere explanation.

"Mr. Casaubon's reason is, his displeasure at my taking a position here which he considers unsuited to my rank as his cousin. I have told him that I can not give way on this point. It is a little too hard on me to expect that my course in life is to be hampered by prejudices which I think ridiculous. Obligation may be stretched till it is no better than a brand of slavery stamped on us when we were too young to know its meaning. I would not have accepted the position if I had not meant to make it useful and honorable. I am not bound to regard family dignity in any other light."

Dorothea felt wretched. She thought her husband altogether in the wrong, on more grounds than Will had mentioned.

"It is better for us not to speak on the subject," she said, with a tremulousness not common in her voice, "since you and Mr. Casaubon disagree. You intend to remain?" She was looking out on the lawn, with melancholy meditation.

"Yes; but I shall hardly ever see you now," said Will, in a tone of almost boyish complaint.

"No," said Dorothea, turning her eyes full upon him, "hardly ever. But I shall hear of you. I shall know what you are doing for my uncle."

"I shall know hardly any thing about you," said Will. "No one will tell me any thing."

"Oh, my life is very simple," said Dorothea, her lips curling with an exquisite smile, which irradiated her melancholy. "I am always at Lowick."

"That is a dreadful imprisonment," said Will, impetuously.

"No, don't think that," said Dorothea. "I have no longings."

He did not speak, but she replied to some change in his expression. "I mean, for myself. Except that I should like not to have so much more than my share without doing any thing for others. But I have a belief of my own, and it comforts me."

"What is that?" said Will, rather jealous of the belief.

"That by desiring what is perfectly good, even when we don't quite know what it is and can not do what we would, we are part of the divine power against evil—widening the skirts of light and making the struggle with darkness narrower."

"That is a beautiful mysticism—it is a—"

"Please not to call it by any name," said Dorothea, putting out her hands entreatingly. "You will say it is Persian, or something else geographical. It is my life. I have found it out, and can not part with it. I have always been finding out my religion since I was a little girl. I used to pray so much—now I hardly ever pray. I try not to have desires merely for myself, because they may not be good for others, and I have too much already. I only told you that you might know quite well how my days go at Lowick."

"God bless you for telling me!" said Will, ardently, and rather wondering at himself. They were looking at each other like two fond children who were talking confidentially of birds.

"What is *your* religion?" said Dorothea. "I mean—not what you know about religion, but the belief that helps you most?"

"To love what is good and beautiful when I see it," said Will. "But I am a rebel: I don't feel bound, as you do, to submit to what I don't like."

"But if you like what is good, that comes to the same thing," said Dorothea, smiling.

"Now you are subtile," said Will.

"Yes; Mr. Casaubon often says I am too subtile; I don't feel as if I were subtile," said Dorothea, playfully. "But how long my uncle is! I must go and look for him. I must really go on to the Hall. Celia is expecting me."

Will offered to tell Mr. Brooke, who presently came and said that he would step into the carriage and go with Dorothea as far as Dagley's, to speak about the small delinquent who had been caught with the leveret. Dorothea renewed the subject of the estate as they drove along, but Mr. Brooke, not being taken unawares, got the talk under his own control.

"Chettam, now," he replied; "he finds fault with me, my dear; but I should not preserve my game if it were not for Chettam, and he can't say that *that* expense is for the sake of the tenants, you know. It's a little against my feeling—poaching, now, if you come to look into it—I have often thought of getting up the subject. Not long ago Flavell, the Methodist preacher, was brought up for knocking down a hare that came across his path when he and his wife were walking out together. He was pretty quick, and knocked it on the neck."

"That was very brutal, I think," said Dorothea.

"Well, now, it seemed rather black to me, I confess, in a Methodist preacher, you know. And Johnson said, 'You may judge what a hypo*crite* he is.' And upon my word, I thought Flavell looked very little like 'the highest style of man'—as somebody calls the Christian—Young, the poet Young, I think—you know Young? Well, now, Flavell in his shabby black gaiters, pleading that he thought the Lord had sent him and his wife a good dinner, and he had a right to knock it down, though not a mighty hunter before the Lord, as Nimrod was—I assure you, it was rather comic: Fielding would have made something of it—or Scott, now—Scott might have worked it up. But really, when I came to think of it, I couldn't help liking that the fellow should have a bit of hare to say grace over. It's all a matter of prejudice—prejudice with the law on its side, you know—about the stick and the gaiters, and so on. However, it doesn't do to reason about things; and law is law. But I got Johnson to be quiet, and I hushed the matter up. I doubt whether Chettam would not have been more severe, and yet he comes down on me as if I were the hardest man in the county. But here we are at Dagley's."

Mr. Brooke got down at a farm-yard gate, and Dorothea drove on. It is wonderful how much uglier things will look when we only suspect that we are blamed for them. Even our own persons in the glass are apt to change their aspect for us after we have heard some frank remark on their less admirable points; and on the other hand it is astonishing how pleasantly conscience takes our encroachments on those who never complain or have nobody to complain for them. Dagley's homestead never before looked so dismal to Mr. Brooke as it did to-day, with his mind thus sore about the fault-finding of the *Trumpet*, echoed by Sir James.

It is true that an observer, under that softening influence of the fine arts which makes other people's hardships picturesque, might have been delighted with this homestead called Freeman's End: the old house had dormer-windows in the dark red roof, two of the chimneys were choked with ivy, the large porch was blocked up with bundles of sticks, and half the windows were closed with gray worm-eaten shutters, about which the jasmine boughs grew in wild luxuriance; the mouldering garden wall with hollyhocks peeping over it was a perfect study of highly mingled subdued color, and there was an aged goat (kept doubtless on interesting superstitious grounds) lying against the open back-kitchen door. The mossy thatch of the cow-shed, the broken gray barn-doors, the pauper laborers in ragged breeches who had nearly finished unloading a wagon of corn into the barn ready for early thrashing; the scanty dairy of cows being tethered for milking, and leaving one-half of the shed in brown emptiness; the very pigs and white ducks seeming to wander about the uneven, neglected yard as if in low spirits from feeding on a too meagre quality of rinsings—all these objects under the quiet light of a sky marbled with high clouds would have made a sort of picture which we have all paused over as a "charming bit," touching other sensibilities than those which are stirred by the depression of the agricultural interest, with the sad lack of farming capital, as seen constantly in the newspapers of that time. But these troublesome associations were just now strongly present to Mr. Brooke, and spoiled the scene for him. Mr. Dagley himself made a figure in the landscape, carrying a pitchfork and wearing his milking-hat—a very old beaver flattened in front. His coat and breeches were the best he had, and he would not have been wearing them on this week-day occasion if he had not been to market and returned later than usual, having given himself the rare treat of dining at the public table of the Blue Bull. How he came to fall into this extravagance would perhaps be matter of wonderment to himself on the morrow; but before dinner something in the state of the country, a slight pause in the harvest before the Far Dips were cut, the stories about the new King and the numerous handbills on the walls, had seemed to warrant a little recklessness. It was a maxim about Middlemarch, and regarded as self-evident, that good meat should have good drink, which last Dagley interpreted as plenty of table ale well followed up by rum-and-water. These liquors have so far truth in them that they were not false enough to make poor Dagley seem merry: they only made his discontent less tongue-tied than usual. He had also taken too much in the shape of muddy political talk, a stimulant dangerously disturbing to his farming conservatism, which consisted in holding that whatever is, is bad, and any change is likely to be worse. He was flushed, and his eyes had a decidedly quarrelsome stare as he stood still grasping his pitchfork, while the landlord approached with his easy shuffling walk, one hand in his trowser pocket and the other swinging round a thin walking-stick.

"Dagley, my good fellow," began Mr. Brooke, conscious that he was going to be very friendly about the boy.

"Oh, ay, I'm a good feller, am I? Thank ye, Sir, thank ye," said Dagley, with a loud snarling irony which made Fag the sheep-dog stir from his seat and prick his ears; but seeing Monk enter the yard after some outside loitering, Fag seated himself again in an attitude of observation. "I'm glad to hear I'm a good feller."

Mr. Brooke reflected that it was market-day, and that his worthy tenant had probably been dining, but saw no reason why he should not go on, since he could take the precaution of repeating what he had to say to Mrs. Dagley.

"Your little lad Jacob has been caught killing a leveret, Dagley: I have told Johnson to lock him up in the empty stable an hour or two, just to frighten him, you know. But he will be brought home by-and-by, before night: and you'll just look after him, will you, and give him a reprimand, you know?"

"No, I woon't: I'll be dee'd if I'll leather my boy to please you or any body else, not if you was twenty landlords istid o' one, and that a bad un."

Dagley's words were loud enough to summon his wife to the back-kitchen door—the only entrance ever used, and one always open except in bad weather—and Mr. Brook, saying, soothingly, "Well, well, I'll speak to your wife—I didn't mean beating, you know," turned to walk to the house. But Dagley, only the more inclined to "have his say" with a gentleman who walked away from him, followed at once, with Fag slouching at his heels and sullenly evading some small and probably charitable advances on the part of Monk.

"How do you do, Mrs. Dagley?" said Mr. Brooke, making some haste. "I came to tell you about your boy: I don't want you to give him the stick, you know." He was careful to speak quite plainly this time.

Overworked Mrs. Dagley—a thin, worn woman, from whose life pleasure had so entirely vanished that she had not even any Sunday clothes which could give her satisfaction in preparing for church—had already had a misunderstanding with her husband since he had come home, and was in low spirits, expecting the worst. But her husband was beforehand in answering.

"No, nor he woon't hev the stick, whether you want it or no," pursued Dagley, throwing out his voice, as if he wanted it to hit hard. "You've got no call to come an' talk about sticks o' these primises, as you woon't give a stick tow'rt mending. Go to Middlemarch to ax for *your* charrickter."

"You'd far better hold your tongue, Dagley," said the wife, "and not kick your own trough over. When a man as is father of a family has been an' spent money at market and made himself the worse for liquor, he's done enough mischief for one day. But I should like to know what my boy's done, Sir."

"Niver do you mind what he's done," said Dagley, more fiercely; "it's my business to speak, an' not yourn. An' I wull speak, too. I'll hev my say—supper or no. An' what I say is, as I've lived upo' your ground from my father and grandfather afore me, an' hev dropped our money into't, an' me an' my children might lie an' rot on the ground for top-dressin' as we can't find the money to buy, if the King wasn't to put a stop."

"My good fellow, you're drunk, you know," said Mr. Brooke, confidentially but not judiciously. "Another day, another day," he added, turning as if to go.

But Dagley immediately fronted him, and Fag at his heels growled low, as his master's voice grew louder and more insulting, while Monk also drew close in silent, dignified watch. The laborers on the wagon were pausing to listen, and it seemed wiser to be quite passive than to attempt a ridiculous flight, pursued by a bawling man.

"I'm no more drunk nor you are, nor so much," said Dagley. "I can carry my liquor, an' I know what I meean. An' I meean as the King 'ull put a stop to't; for them say it as knows it, as there's to be a Rinform, and them landlords as never done the right thing by their tenants 'ull be treated i' that way as they'll hev to scuttle off. An' there's them i' Middlemarch knows what the Rinform is—an' as knows who'll hev to scuttle. Says they, 'I know who *your* landlord is.' An' says I, 'I hope you're the better for knowin' him; I arn't.' Says they, 'He's a close-fisted un.' 'Ay, ay,' says I. 'He's a man for the Rinform,' says they. That's what they says. An' I made out what the Rinform wer—an' it wer to send you an' your likes a-scuttlin'; an' wi' pretty strong-smellin' things too. An' you may do as you like now, for I'm none afeard on you. An' you'd better let my boy aloan, an' look to yoursen, afore the Rinform has got upo' your back. That's what I'n got to say," concluded Mr. Dagley, striking his fork into the ground with a firmness which proved inconvenient as he tried to draw it up again.

At this last action Monk began to bark loudly, and it was a moment for Mr. Brooke to escape. He walked out of the yard as quickly as he could, in some amazement at the novelty of his situation. He had never been insulted on his own land before, and had been inclined to regard himself as a general favorite (we are all apt to do so, when we think of our own amiability more than of what other people are likely to want of us). When he had quarreled with Caleb Garth twelve years before he had thought that the tenants would be pleased at the landlord's taking every thing into his own hands.

Some who follow the narrative of his experience may wonder at the midnight darkness of Mr. Dagley; but nothing was easier in those times than for a hereditary farmer of his grade to be ignorant, in spite somehow of having a rector in the twin parish who was a gentleman to the backbone, a curate nearer at hand who preached more learnedly than the rector, a landlord who had gone into every thing, especially fine art and social improvement, and all the lights of Middlemarch only three miles off. As to the facility with which mortals escape knowledge, try an average acquaintance in the intellectual blaze of London, and consider what that eligible person for a dinner-party would have been if he had learned scant skill in "summing" from the parish clerk of Tipton, and read a chapter in the Bible with immense difficulty, because such names as Isaiah or Apollos remained unmanageable after twice spelling. Poor Dagley read a few verses sometimes on a Sunday evening, and the world was at least not darker to him than it had been before. Some things he knew thoroughly, namely, the slovenly habits of farming, and the awkwardness of weather, stock, and crops at Freeman's End—so called apparently by way of sarcasm, to imply that a man was free to quit it if he chose, but that there was no earthly "beyond" open to him.

## SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

**Frank Buckland**, who is a high authority on the subject, criticises certain proposed arrangements for salmon breeding on the Aberdeenshire Dee. Referring to the estimate of £2500 as the probable cost of the breeding establishment, he insists that if the object be to raise the salmon artificially after they are hatched, the expense will be thrown away; that the much better plan is to introduce the young fish into the streams after the yolk-bag has been dissolved, and it is considered safe to allow them to shift for themselves, and not to attempt to carry them forward over a period of months or longer, feeding them with butcher's-meat.

He thinks that they should be taken, a few at a time, and introduced to the small brooks as high up on the tributaries as possible by means of small hand-nets, placing half a dozen or a dozen at a time in the stream, and taking care that there are piles of stone and gravel to which they can betake themselves as soon as possible.

*Nature* contains an analysis of the late report of the operations connected with the British Museum in the year 1871, from which we find that notwithstanding the desire of the authorities, in view of the present crowded state of the collections, to increase their magnitude as little as possible, nearly 16,000 specimens have been added. The total increase made during the last twelve years has amounted to over 662,000 specimens, of which 435,000 belong to the department of zoology, the remainder being divided between geology, mineralogy, and botany. The zoological additions in 1871 were 10,577 specimens. Reference is made in the report to the ultimate transfer of the collections to the new buildings authorized by Parliament, and which are said to be under way. In their new quarters it is expected that ample room will be had for the arrangement of all the collections now owned by the Museum, and for additions for many years to come, while the opportunity of displaying the number on hand will enable the authorities to take measures for eliminating the duplicates and distributing them to other establishments, and, at the same time, greatly increasing the available space in the cases. It is stated that the use of methylated spirit for the preservation of reptiles and fishes has produced injurious effects to some of the specimens, and that for the future pure alcohol will be used. This fact has long been known in the United States, where substitutes like that in question have never found favor.

Professor Davidson, of the United States Coast Survey, has recently, before the Academy of Sciences of San Francisco, contested the theory of Mr. Octave Pavy in regard to polar currents and the topography of the polar regions. In his paper the professor maintains, in opposition to the views of Mr. Pavy, that the currents flow eastward through the straits north of the American continent, and that the current through Behring Strait is local and unimportant in its effects as regards the polar basin; that Wrangell's Land is not a region continuous to a great distance toward the pole, as contended by Mr. Pavy, but a small island, or a cluster of islands.

The remarkable announcement is made by a member of the Australian eclipse expedition that the party dredged up an animal on a piece of coral, the body of which was that of a fish, but which had, instead of fins, four legs, terminated with so-called hands. The fish, somewhat resembling a lizard, stood up on its four legs when placed on the sky-light of the steamer!

A correspondent of the New York *Tribune*, writing from the *Hassler*, refers to the great uniformity of the temperature at sea on the west coast of South America; thus, on reaching Callao, on the 28th of May, although the sun was shining brightly and the wind was from the equator, the thermometer stood steadily at 66° for a number of days in succession. For the seven weeks preceding the arrival of the *Hassler* at Callao there had been very little difference in the temperature either of the sea or air, as observed on the vessel.

On the 6th of April, in latitude 43°, in San Pedro Channel, the thermometer stood at noon at 69° F.; on the 24th of May, at Callao, latitude 12°, at 66°. This, in the words of the writer, would be like leaving Portsmouth, New Hampshire, on the 6th of October, in seasonable weather, and reaching Barbadoes or Greytown on the 24th of November, and finding it colder than it was in New Hampshire.

The overland journey from Talcahuana to Santiago by Professor Agassiz, after leaving the *Hassler*, gave him an excellent opportunity of studying the glacial phenomena of the south temperate zone. His route was by stage-coach to Toma and Curico, the rest of his journey to Santiago being by railway, thus making a distance of several hundred miles through the entire country between the coast range and the Andes. A correspondent on the *Hassler* writes that the professor believes that the whole valley of southern and central Chili, between the coast range and the Andes, was once the bed of a glacier or a part of a great glacial sheet moving northward, and that, after the general glacial action had ceased, large local glaciers descended from the Andes at certain points, leaving their moraines well marked as the record of their extent; but in no case in the grounds passed over in this journey did the local glaciers from the Andes appear to have extended across the valley and reach the coast range.

Sir John Lubbock, Bart., M.P., F.R.S., so well known for his researches into the history of prehistoric man, and the earliest forms of civilization, has been elected Vice-Chancellor of the University of London, which has always taken the lead among the English universities in recognizing the importance of the cultivation of natural science.

A very important scientific work has just issued from the press in England, "The Ancient Stone Implements, Weapons, and Ornaments of Great Britain," by Mr. John Evans, F.R.S., Honorary Secretary to the Geological Society of London, one of the first authorities in every thing relating to pre-historic archæology. It contains a complete history of all finds of this description yet made in Great Britain.

Sir Charles Lyell's "Principles of Geology" has reached its eleventh edition in England. The last edition contains a considerable amount of new matter.

Our scientific contemporary, *Nature*, for July 4, records the death, under very melancholy circumstances, of one of the most promising young English chemists, Mr. E. T. Chapman. He had established a laboratory at Rübeland in the Harz, Germany, for the purpose of carrying on a series of investigations on pyroligneous ethers; and while apparently engaged in the production of nitrate of methyl, an extremely explosive substance, an explosion took place by which the laboratory was destroyed, and himself and several assistants instantaneously killed. Mr. Chapman was a pupil of Hofmann and Kolbe, and had published a number of series of investigations in different departments of organic chemistry, with which he had a most extensive acquaintance. His analysis of potable waters, in conjunction with Mr. Wauklyn, is a standard work on the subject. He was only in his twenty-seventh year.

According to the *American Journal of Science* Mr. G. F. Reuter, an excellent botanist, and curator of the herbarium of M. Boissier, died in June last, at Geneva, Switzerland.

The report of the Commissioners of Fisheries of New Hampshire, as presented to the Legislature in June of the present year, has just been published, and contains an account of the movements of Messrs. Hatch and Fletcher, in reference to stocking the waters of the State with food fishes. Their efforts were principally directed to the introduction of black bass into the ponds and lakes of the State, this being the application of the means placed at their disposal which they considered most likely to be productive of important results. Nothing had been done at the date of the report in regard to shad, although it was intended to place a number of fry in Lake Winnipiseogee. Some 5000 young salmon, bred by the Massachusetts Commissioners of Fisheries, and placed in the hands of Dr. Fletcher and his associate for that purpose, were transferred to the head waters of the Merrimac; and it is hoped that the fish-way at Lawrence will be completed before these fish will have occasion to come up the river for the purpose of spawning.

The most interesting labor of the commissioners has been in reference to the smelt, of which 2000 adults were placed in Massabesic Lake, 1000 in Sunapee, and 2000 in Newfound Lake; the object being to furnish food to the trout and pickerel, thereby, in a measure, preventing the young trout from being devoured by their associates. It is also thought that they will furnish excellent food for the black bass.

Eggs of the smelt were placed two years ago in Massabesic Lake, and it is said that full-grown smelt have made their appearance in one of the brooks, for the purpose of spawning. If this be the case, it would appear that the smelt mature in two years. It was found, by actual experiment, that the eggs hatched in from ten to fourteen days after impregnation, the time varying with the temperature of the water.

The commissioners have evidently hit upon an important feature in connection with breeding fish for the carnivorous food fishes, as unless some provision of this kind be made it will be impossible to breed more than a limited number in a given body of water. The smelt and the alewife furnish admirable material for supplying food to the fishes referred to, as they require no care beyond placing the mature fish in the water, and their fecundity is so great that the supply of food furnished by them can be rendered almost unlimited. The New England States especially abound in ponds admirably suited for hatching and sustaining these fishes, which, indeed, are themselves quite valuable articles of food.

That the smelt will live and thrive in fresh water throughout the year has been repeatedly shown both in the United States and Europe; but whether the alewife will do this or not, the young can be penned up, for the greater part of the year at least, in fresh-waters; and even if they will not survive to attain maturity, the expense of introducing a fresh supply of spawning fish every spring would be but trifling. In this way ponds far removed from the sea, or into which there is no practicable passage by water from the ocean, may be stocked for the purpose in question.

## HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

The ordinary mosquito is a creature of some honor and honesty. A fearful plague it always is, to be sure, making night hideous with ceaseless song and sharp sting, and resting not by day. And then the irritating poison is left beneath the sensitive skin, and unsightly blotches mar the "human face divine," not to mention the wounds on every exposed portion of the body. Nevertheless, this pest has the frankness to sound its war-note, and warn you that it is about to make an attack. And if you give your attention to the contest, and are skillful in defending yourself, you have a chance of coming off victorious. But there *is* a cowardly creature, frequenting some of our most respectable watering-places, bearing the name and aspect of a mosquito, which slyly and secretly stabs you without provocation, and without warning. Silently it steals upon you, with never a sound to put you upon your guard; but the sharp stinging of its penetrating dagger is the first intimation you have of its presence. Now we have heard people say that if mosquitoes wouldn't keep them awake with their ceaseless singing, but only bite them quietly, they would not mind it so much. We can only say to such novices that it is evident they have never had a personal acquaintance with the species to which we refer—an enemy in secret, mean and treacherous, the marks of whose venomous wounds are painfully carried for many days. If fashionable hotels harbor such disreputable intruders, more profitable guests will depart.

It is said that M. Auguste Rouzaud, who recently married Mlle. Nilsson, has known his bride from childhood, and his love for her has been the steady growth of years. He has a moderate fortune, and his artistic tastes have led him to abandon the commercial pursuits in which all the members of his family are engaged.

Bonnets and hats have given place to parasols, at Saratoga. Three-quarters of the ladies one meets at any hour of the day have no other head-covering than the "natural" one of hair.

Clergymen have struck for a less number of working-hours. An English journal records the case of a minister who was asked to be in attendance at the house of a bride at five o'clock in the morning. He respectfully declined to begin work at so early an hour in the morning.

A most singular case is reported from one of the coal-mining districts of Pennsylvania. A boy about fourteen years of age, who had during his whole life been deaf and dumb, met with a terrible accident. His foot got caught between the teeth of the breaker in such a manner that it could not be extricated until the machinery was taken apart. He suffered fearfully for nearly two hours before he was released. During this time, strange to say, he spoke as fluently and distinctly as any boy, praying to God, and begging those about him to get him out quickly. He lived only half an hour after he was taken out of the machinery.

One of the curiosities of the Green Mountains is a pond about 100 rods long, and half as wide. It is apparently fed by one small spring of ice-cold water, while its outlet is large. Its waters are warm, and trout may be found there; also leeches.

We can not understand what real good can result from the statement which we have seen in print, that "of the hundreds who have fallen from sun-stroke not one was on his way to or from the Fulton Street Prayer-meeting." Supposing the statement to be true—though there seems to be no possible way of proving it—what is the design of a religious paper in calling the attention of its readers to it? No intelligent Christian doubts that the Fulton Street Prayer-meeting has accomplished much good. But the day of miracles is past; the laws of nature are not set aside in the present age, as sometimes they were in ancient times. Other circumstances being the same, it is folly to suppose the rays of the sun are less deadly in going to a prayer-meeting than in going, for example, to one's regular place of business, or to one's dinner. No permanent good can be accomplished by leading even the most ignorant to accept a superstitious rather than a sensible view of facts.

A while ago an officer in the English army, having inspected some home stations, sent in his statement of disbursements. There was one item as follows: "Porter, 6*d.*" This item was struck out of the list by the War-office; but the officer explained that the charge was for carriage of his luggage, under circumstances where he would otherwise have had to pay 1*s.* 6*d.* for a cab. To this explanation came a reply that in this case the claim would be allowed, but that it should have been put for "porterage," and not "porter." The officer answered that he would obey orders, although he could find no authority for such a word as "porterage;" and inquired, in addition, if in future he should use the term "cab(b)age" when he meant "cab?" The English War-office would not take a joke, and the witty officer was severely reprimanded.

The Japanese carry their manufacture of paper to a high degree of perfection, and apply the product to many uses for which our article is unavailable. A principal reason for their superiority in this respect is found in the qualities of some plants indigenous to Japan, which furnish a very excellent fibre. The one most in use is a species of mulberry, and is extensively cultivated. The plants are annually cut down to the root until the fifth year, by which treatment the wood becomes dense and strong. From the fibre a pulp is obtained by special processes, which is mixed with a paste made from the root of the tororo, a plant resembling the cotton plant. From this mixed substance a very superior article of paper is made.

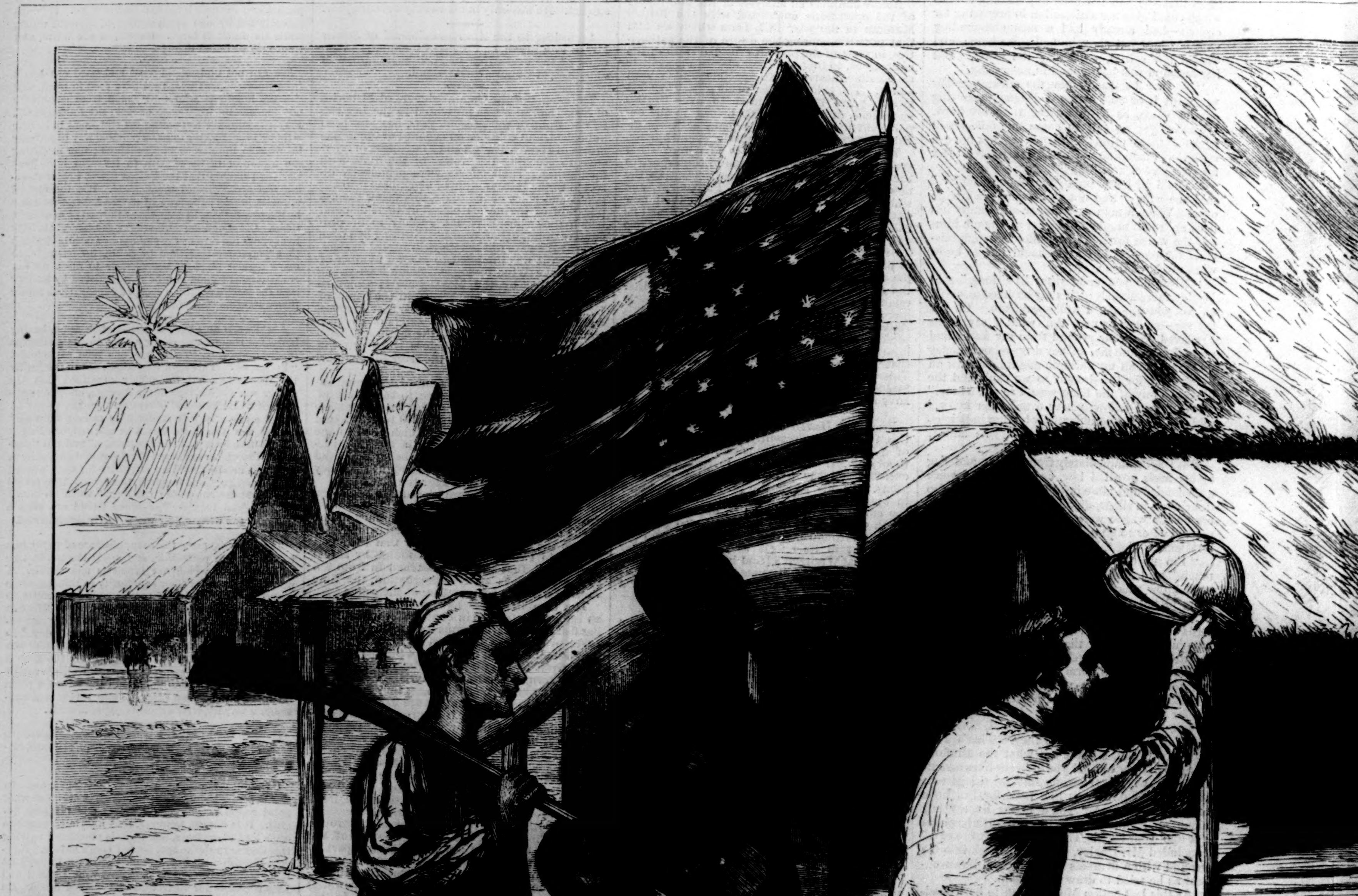
Chicago has had the enlightened sense to introduce comfortable street cars. They are open, airy, and furnished with double cane-seated chairs.

"Insanity" is often the excuse for wickedness. In many cases it is doubtless impossible to decide at what point moral accountability ceases and madness begins. It is certain, however, that unbridled passions often lead to madness, and there is no safety in giving free license to the animal part of man's nature. A recent English magazine now puts forth the theory that many notable persons of past ages were insane; and thus accounts for their wild and wicked deeds. He believes that Robespierre was made insane by the exciting events of the time; that Louis XI. was insane both in his despotic cruelty and in his caprices; and that Jeffreys, the notorious English judge, was a raving maniac. He also asserts that Nero and Caligula were lunatics, and their cruelty and tyranny the outbursts of insanity. The capricious freaks of Heliogabalus are called madness, and the ambition of Alexander the Great a disease of the mind.

The Motteley Collection was one of the most important losses sustained through the burning of the Library of the Louvre. It occupied an entire room in the Louvre Library. It was bequeathed to the nation by M. Charles Motteley, and was conspicuous for the number of volumes it contained that were clad in rare and precious bindings. Many of these had belonged to the kings, queens, princes, or princesses of France, from Louis XII. to Charles X. There were books showing the arms of Diana of Poitiers, of Francis I., Henry III., Henry IV., etc. Among the rarities were also a manuscript Bible of the sixteenth century, on vellum, and adorned with numerous miniatures; a manuscript containing the funeral procession of Anne of Brittany; two books of prayers, written by the celebrated caligrapher Jarry; a "Portolano" of the sixteenth century, on vellum, drawn up by the Master Pilot of Dieppe; and some maps of the same period, prepared for the use of the French admiralty.

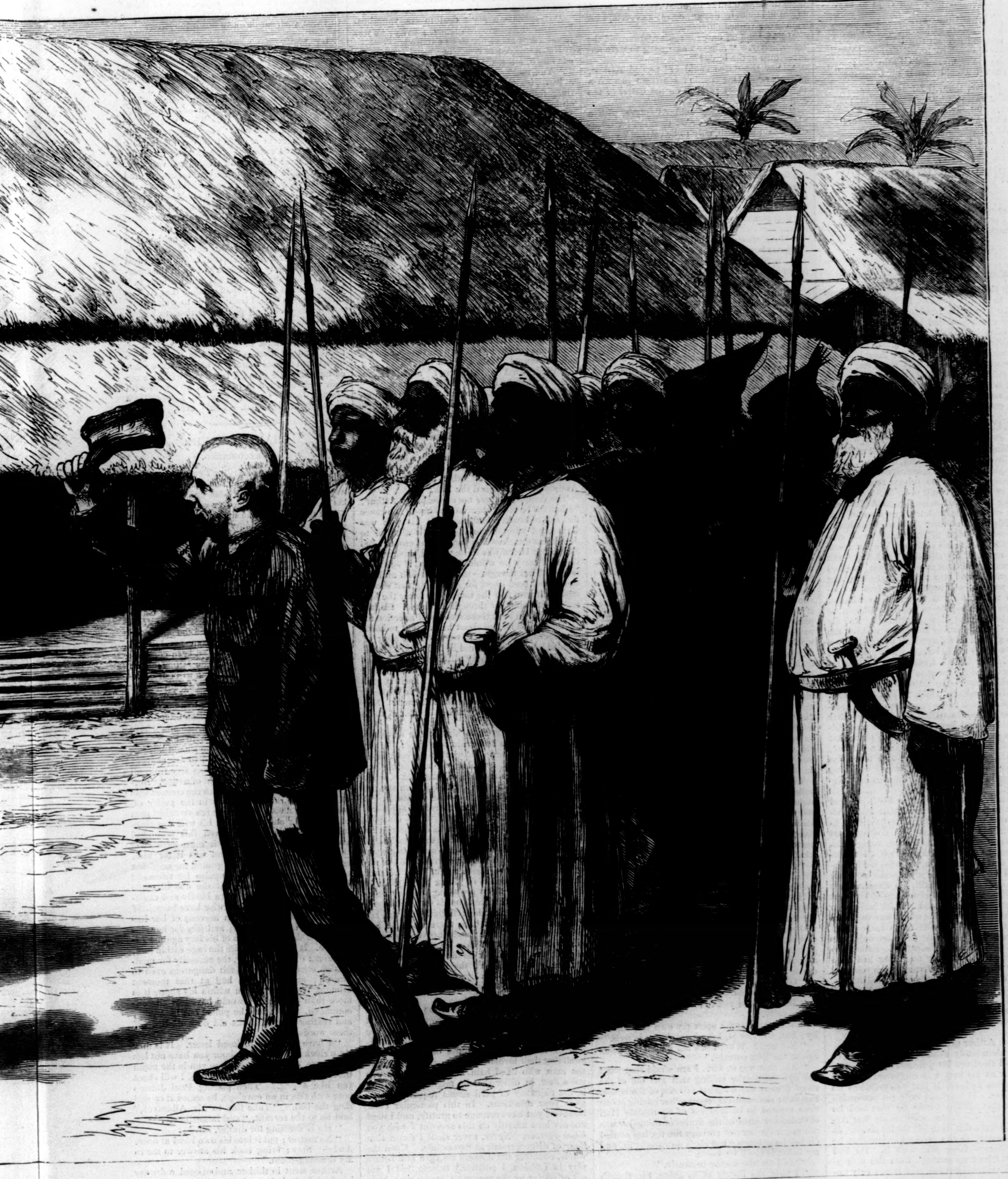
Women invent some things nowadays, though it is generally supposed they have not much talent in that line. An Iowa lady—as we notice from the recent list of patents granted—has invented an improved apparatus for raising bread, which consists in an outer shell, or casing, with a removable false bottom and lamp chamber, and, in combination therewith, a containing vessel and lamp, the whole constructed and arranged so that a very small flame will supply sufficient heat, which will be evenly distributed around the containing vessel. The contents will be uniformly warmed for producing the desired effect. This apparatus is claimed to effect a great saving in time, and to do the work thoroughly and perfectly in the coldest weather. The vessel is provided with a tightly fitting cover, so that a kerosene lamp may be used without any ill effects upon the bread.

Meerschaum, so highly esteemed by smokers, comes in large quantities from certain districts of Austrian Moravia, where it is found imbedded between strata of serpentine rock. It is also found in Spain; but the best comes from Asia Minor. The celebrated meerschaum mines near the river Pursack are now worked principally by the Armenian Christians. In 1869 over 3000 boxes of the raw material were imported from Asia Minor, being worth 345,000 florins. Pipe manufacture and carving are chiefly carried on at Vienna and at Ruhla. The commercial value of carvings at these places is estimated at 2,000,000 florins annually. About half the pipes now sold are said to be made from artificial meerschaum, which is prepared from the waste of the carvings, ground up, and boiled with linseed-oil and alum. The mixture is cast in moulds, dried, and carved as the natural mineral blocks are carved.



THE MEETING OF LIVINGSTONE AND STANLEY IN CENTRAL AFRICA.—

"Mr. STANLEY was so much overcome with joy at the sight of LIV GSTONE, that he felt strongly impelled to rush forward and throw his arms about the neck of the man whom he had traveled so far to find. 'The effort of restraint,' says Mr. STANLEY, 'at that supreme moment of my journey, was positively painful; but in presence of those who c tainly would have been unsympathetic, and possibly might have been



AFRICA.—From Sketches and Materials Supplied by Mr. Stanley.—[See Page 676.]

hostile, the restraint was essential.' Then the American advanced and saluted the adventurous Scotchman. 'Dr. Livingstone, I presume?' The white stranger replied, simply, 'Yes;' but the more effusive American exclaimed, 'Thank God, I have been permitted to see you!' The long-lost traveler calmly rejoined, 'It is quite a wonderful event.'"—Correspondent of *The Daily Telegraph*, July 26, 1872.

## MARGARET.

O Margaret! that I could be
The breeze which softly kisses thee;
Or else the sunbeam, warm and bright,
That crowns thy head with golden light!
"The breeze," she answered, "dies away,
And sunbeams fade with close of day."

Then if I were the violet
Which thou dost gather all dew-wet,
And wearing it upon thy breast—
O happy flower! so loved, so blest!
"The violet must fade," said she;
"Then I should cast it off from me."

Well, let me, then, thy true-love be,
Winning thine every thought for me;
I'll envy not the breeze or flower,
Nor e'en the sunshine's golden shower!
"Ah! that I can not cast away,
But hold forever, night and day!"

# A WOMAN'S VENGEANCE.

By JAMES PAYN,

Author of "Won—Not Wooed," "Carlyon's Year," "One of the Family," "A Beggar on Horseback," "Bred in the Bone," etc., etc.

## CHAPTER XXVII.

### A LETTER FROM AN OLD ACQUAINTANCE.

When the news of Jenny's accident had been brought to Arthur Tyndall, he had been sitting with Allardyce in the smoking-room, into which the latter gentleman had lounged unasked: he did not often inflict his company upon his host, and Arthur had not the least expected the intrusion, which had happened at a most inopportune moment—just as he held the great lid of the old cabinet in his hand (one-half of which was the book-case of which we have already spoken), and was meditating which of the little drawers contained in it he should choose for a hiding-place for Jenny's packet. He would not trust it in his dressing-room, where his wife would have an excuse for coming; for, though there was nothing that he need be ashamed of in his own old love-letters, they would, of course, annoy her, should she chance to come across them; and he positively possessed no private receptacle of any sort in which he could place it.

Nothing was locked belonging to Arthur, except the cellar door, and the key even of that was confided to the butler. Whatever his faults, secretiveness or want of confidence could certainly not be laid to his charge. We have seen how the secret of his affection for Jenny (even when he was resolute not to encourage it) weighed upon his mind; and now that he had something material which it was necessary for him to conceal, his perplexity was ludicrous to witness. Where the deuce *was* he to put it? Should he burn the letters, and keep the trinket? No; for if Helen should discover the latter without the letters to explain its existence, it being plainly a love-gift, matters would be even worse: she might imagine, in her jealous frenzy, that he had recently purchased the thing to give away. After all, this old cabinet—the lid of which let down and formed a desk, on which he had often written his holiday task in the vacations of his school-days—was as good a hiding-place as any other not under lock and key; indeed, in one of Edgar Poe's stories he had read that a place that was not locked was even safer for such a purpose, as not being open to suspicion; and there was no possible chance of any one's finding the thing by accident in one of those old drawers or "pigeon-holes."

He actually had the packet in his hand, and was about to put it away, when "that fellow Allardyce" came in, and had had but just time to thrust it in his pocket, and slam down the lid with a bang, and "look as if he was doing nothing particular." He knew he had not quite succeeded in that last operation, but what did it matter? Old love-letters and a keepsake were not much in Lardy's way. Still, the circumstance annoyed him, and made the company of his guest more irksome even than usual. He felt inclined to make himself disagreeable (which was very rare with him), and did so—which was rarer. But Lardy's temper, if for this occasion only, was imperturbable, and not to be ruffled. Even when Arthur asked him whether any thing had been heard of "that scoundrel Jones, whom you used to call 'Pretty Poll,'" he refused to take offense.

"I know nothing about the little blackguard," he replied; "and, in fact, I am the last man to know; he takes uncommon good care to keep out of *my* sight, and even hearing, you may be sure."

At which Arthur grunted, "Oh, indeed."

It was abundantly evident to Mr. Allardyce that he had tired out his welcome at Swansdale Hall, so far as his host was concerned; but he did not mean to leave it just yet, or, when he did so, alone. If he could only get possession of that packet, Helen would be his; and he meant to have it. It was unfortunate that Arthur should have this disrelish for his society, as it was necessary to the object in view that he should just now favor him with it. He had watched his host go straight from the dining-room to the smoking-room, and it was very unlikely that he should have deposited the packet in the former place. There was scarcely time for him to have put it elsewhere before he sat down to lunch, for (as the other justly concluded) Tyndall would not have decided upon a hiding-place for so important a document—and Allardyce imagined it to be much more important than it was—in a hurry. At that bang of the lid of the cabinet he pricked his ears like a horse who hears the corn-bin open, and said to himself, "It is there." And it was his plan to sit Arthur out, so that he might have the room alone, to convince himself of the fact. But, as though aware of his intention, his host sat on, pulling slowly at his cigar, while the other puffed his cigarette, and with his nimble fingers prepared its successor.

"Are you not due at the piano or the chess-table this afternoon?" inquired Arthur, expressing in his tone, by design, no little contempt for both those refined amusements.

"No; I am off duty for to-day," returned the other, gayly. "Are you not going to have another turn at the birds?"

"How the deuce could I?" replied Arthur, peevishly. "One couldn't see them in such a fog as this if they perched on the barrel of the gun."

"True, it *is* foggy," said Allardyce, with a glance at the window. And then the conversation would languish, only to be revived again by some brusque remark of Arthur's, which the other would take in more provokingly good part than ever. It was in one of these pauses that the footman, in answer to a summons for more logs for the wood fire, made bold, with a smiling face (for catastrophes are pleasant excitements to the country domestics), to acquaint his master that something had gone wrong down at the lock.

"Gone wrong? What do you mean? Are the gates burst?"

"No, Sir; but they *do* say as Miss Alice have fallen in—"

"Fallen into the lock? Great Heaven!"

Arthur was up, and had reached the door before the domestic could explain, "I don't think she's drowned, Sir!" And without even waiting to put on his great-coat, snatched his hat from its peg in the hall, and rushed off to Jacob's cottage, where we found him. On his way thither he would gladly have compounded for any annoyance or mischance, if only Jenny should be safe; but on his return, though he left her convalescent, he was filled with irritation and displeasure; Helen's conduct toward him had been not only cold but aggressive, and that, too, when he had done his very best to conciliate her, and had really felt toward her more warmly than he had ever done. He fully acknowledged the generosity with which she had acted with respect to Jenny, "though, after all, one surely would not—simply because one was absurdly jealous of her—let a fellow-creature drown if one could help it;" but her subsequent behavior had chilled him to the core. Her icy face seemed to gaze on him through the mist, her bitter laugh still sounded in his ears. He had not, of course, the least suspicion of what had actually occurred. In the agitation of his thoughts he did not even inquire of himself how Helen had come to be at the lock at all, and in the company of a woman whom he knew she detested; but, even believing what he did, his wife stood less high in his affection than she had done before. If she *had* saved Jenny, it was with no willing hand, as she had taken pains to show him; while, with that good deed to her credit, it was only too probable that she would hold herself higher than ever, would be more defiant and exacting—and, in a word, intolerable. She had already publicly refused to come home with him. Well, if a tête-à-tête was so distasteful to her, it was at least equally so to him. She had the advantage over him in being able to put up with this continuous estrangement; but, for his part, he could not stand it much longer. She should keep her money, and he would leave her, and make his own way in the world, as he had intended to do while he was yet a free man. A free man! Yes. What an idiot he had been to sell himself into slavery!

Thus Arthur Tyndall pondered on his way home, and afterward up in the smoking-room, alone, for hours, sitting moodily over the fire, and ever and anon striking the burning logs with his foot. He had locked the door to prevent further intrusion, and when a knock was presently heard at it, inquired, angrily—Who it was, and what was the matter.

"It is me, Sir," returned the voice of Mrs. Glyn, the housekeeper. "I want to have a word with you, if you please."

He rose in some astonishment, for meek Mrs. Glyn had never made such a request before in her life, and let her in. The old lady wore two withered apples of a wholesome red in place of cheeks, and was consequently incapable of changing color, but she had an anxious, worried look, and it was in embarrassed tones that she addressed her master.

"Oh, please, Sir, if you would just step into missus's room and see her for a moment."

"Did she send you to ask me?" inquired Arthur, coldly.

"No, Sir; I came upon my own responsibility; but, the fact is, I don't think she is well."

"Not well? Why, I saw her only a few hours ago at the lock cottage."

"Ah, that was *it*, Sir. I am afraid that what she did there—the pulling that girl out of the river" (Jenny was no great favorite of the housekeeper's: the common report of her having at one time aspired to be mistress of Swansdale Hall offended her sense of the fitness of things) "was too much for her; or perhaps the fog has settled on her poor lungs; but she's downright ill, and my belief is she'll be worse."

"Send for the doctor instantly."

"I took the liberty of so doing, Sir, though unknown to Mrs. Tyndall."

"Quite right. I'll go and see her at once."

The intelligence that his wife was ill disarmed Arthur on the instant of all his indignation; his moods were hasty and violent, but he had a very tender heart. "What is this I hear, Helen?" said he, kindly, as he entered her boudoir. She was crouching over the fire, and shivering with cold, though there was a burning spot on each of her cheeks. He had been often among sickness in his travels, when there was no doctor to help, and knew the signs of ordinary ailments well enough.

She did not answer, but suffered him to take her hand, which was dry and hot, and feel her pulse.

"You are feverish, my dear Helen."

"Am I?" returned she, carelessly. "What does it matter?"

"It matters a great deal to *me*, your husband," said Arthur, with tender gravity; he was too alarmed about her to be annoyed.

Helen essayed to laugh her usual contemptuous laugh, but it died in her throat.

"You must go to bed at once, Helen. I, or at least Mrs. Glyn has sent for the doctor" (something forbade him to take any credit to himself on her account, where it was not his due). "I am afraid you are going to have an attack of some kind."

"Indeed. Well, I will go to bed; it is just dinner-time; you will excuse me to Mr. Allardyce. Oh dear, how the room goes round!"

"You are giddy, my darling. Lean on me."

"No, thank you." (She tried to draw herself up with dignity.) "I feel better already. Send Esther, or Mrs. Glyn, please."

"You had rather have *them* about you than me!" said Arthur, with a reproachful sigh. "Well, I will send them. You will give me one kiss, Helen, before I go?"

She hesitated a moment; the red spots seemed to glow in her cheeks like burning coals. "No," said she, curtly; "else, if the fever be contagious, I might give it to you."

He knew it was but an excuse to avoid kissing him, but it was something that she had troubled herself to invent an excuse; she might have denied him point-blank. While he still lingered in the room the doctor came. At the first glance at his new patient he put on a grave face enough, and murmured, "Ah, I feared this."

"Well, what is it, doctor?" asked Helen, wearily, when he had asked his questions.

"Well, it's what comes of going out in fogs, when we are not strong, and saving other people who have fallen into lashers. You've got a feverish cold on you; you must go to bed."

Then afterward, in that conference outside the sick-room which takes place in such cases with a husband: "I don't like your wife's looks, Mr. Tyndall. I shall have more trouble with her, I foresee, than with my other patient yonder." And he pointed toward the lock.

The comparison was not agreeable to Arthur; he had (as he often observed to himself) no cause for self-reproach; but now that his wife was threatened with severe illness, this allusion to Jenny was somehow inopportune and unwelcome. Supposing Helen was to be very ill, dangerously ill—how sorry he would be. Nay, if she were *to die!* That thought—though but half an hour ago he had been eager for something that should separate them, and the more completely the better—sent a shudder through his frame. He had half a mind to burn those records of affection for another which he had about him at that moment—to sacrifice them, as it were, on the altar of wedded love—so tender did he feel toward Helen, so solicitous to do away with the least ground of offense in her eyes. And yet, why should he? Would not such a proceeding be a tacit confession that there was still some feeling in his heart toward Jenny of which he was ashamed? No; he would put them away in the old cabinet, as he had originally intended.

This idea occurred to him in the smoking-room, to which he had again retired, and he put it into effect at once. He went to the book-case, raised the lid, and, as before, was meditating into which drawer he should deposit the packet, when his eye lit upon an open letter, lying on the flat part of the desk, and, of course, within it. It began, *My dear A.*, and was, therefore, apparently intended for himself. At first, his thoughts being so taken up with Helen, he concluded that his wife herself had placed it there; he had heard of some married couples who, not being upon speaking terms, had therefore written to one another, and perhaps Helen might have adopted that unpleasant means of giving him a piece of her mind, and perhaps proposing the very separation which he had had in his own thoughts; but the next moment he reflected that the letter had certainly not been there when he had been to the desk before; and whoever had opened it since, it could not have been Helen. Moreover, it was not in her handwriting, which was eminently lady-like—all the letters very much alike, and slanting like a shower of rain; whereas this was a man's hand. It ran thus:

"My dear A.,—It seems to me that you are taking up your residence at Swansdale; and though I *know* the attraction that keeps you there, I confess I do not understand it. It is one of the (few) misfortunes of being born a swell that their loves are always dangerous. Like the man who liked ham, and regretted he was not a Jew, in order that he might sin in eating it, the piquancy of peril seems requisite to engage your affections. In this particular case, however, you have revenge to gratify, and I need not say how heartily on this account *I* wish you *bonne fortune*. Never, never shall I forget that hour of disgorgement at Swansdale. Upon the whole, counting the dinners we gave him before play in London, I positively believe that I am *out of pocket* by the man who, at one time, bade fair to be a small fortune to us. I say *I*, because it is I who have suffered both in purse and reputation, while you have got off scot-free. I don't complain of that, my dear Lardy—"

As Arthur read that word, the truth for the first time broke in upon him. This letter was from Paul Jones to Allardyce, and the allusions of gallantry it contained could point to but one object—Helen. It was fortunate perhaps for all concerned that at that moment she was on a bed of sickness; for even with those hateful words respecting her before his eyes, he could not think evil of her *now*. Indeed, what reason culled from one scoundrel's letter to another *had* he for thinking evil of her? The intentions of Allardyce, indeed, were made evident enough, but where was the proof that Helen knew of them? Arthur passed his hand across his forehead once or twice, then sat down to finish the letter.

"I don't complain of that, but my great revenge, as Mr. W. Shakspeare observes, has naturally a larger stomach than yours. From your last account, the affair appears to be progressing well. You show your usual sagacity in the remark that your best hope lies in your catching him tripping—or appearing to catch him, all's one for that—with J. W. That would drive your game into the net. Your observation that your charmer is a perfect demon for jealousy is only what I expected. She always was a demon for most things, and treated me very bad. I have made the inquiries you requested, and find that H. S.'s fortune was settled unreservedly on herself and children; those unpleasant 'post-nuptial' articles have fortunately not supervened, but I warn you that in the case contemplated you will be by no means sure of the money. I have taken advice (and not gratis neither, but no matter) upon that point, and it seems 'the Court' (of Chancery, I suppose) has power to deal with the property of runaway wives in the interests of morality. A most abominable idea, is it not? Still, it is more than possible that A. T.'s infernal pride would incline him to waive that. I can fancy nothing pleasanter than to beggar him in this way, and then to offer him fifty pounds a year out of his wife's money. I can't write of him, I can't think of him, without a thrill of hate; and yet there is one man in the world we have cause to hate more. When you have played out this little game, I trust you will give me your undivided aid in paying off all scores with 'honest Jack.' Gr-gr-gr-gr-gr— I growl like a dog to fly at his throat.—Yours ever, P. J."

## CHAPTER XXVIII.

### UNRECONCILED.

The first impulse of Arthur Tyndall upon reading Paul Jones's infamous epistle was straightway to seek out his treacherous guest and wring his neck. So far as Allardyce was concerned, he would not have had the slightest scruple in so doing, and in all probability to attempt would have been to accomplish it; for naturally a more powerful man than his enemy, Tyndall's limbs and muscles were more exercised, and he was filled with the strength of hate. The idea of "calling him out," which would have been the first to suggest itself to Uncle Magus, if afterward to be set aside by the reflection that this fellow was proved by the letter itself to be the confederate of a black-leg, never entered into his mind. The instincts of the mere man within him were too strong for that. With those among whom his lot had been cast in foreign climes it had been common enough to right one's self by the strong hand; and that experience had not been without its effect upon him. He had at bottom a contempt for the niceties of civilization, and his passions, when once aroused, were fierce and headstrong. What saved him now from the commission of some act of violence, the consequences of which might have been fatal, not only to its object but to himself, was his tenderness for Helen. If he should kill this man, what shame would be laid to *her* charge! He had not a doubt that she was free from all taint, nay, from the very thought of wrong. Notwithstanding his familiarity with the coarser side of human life, he had a faith in the purity of women such as is possessed by few so-called men of the world; and his trust in his wife was absolute. If she had really given this scoundrel ground to hope for success, it must have been through her simplicity. And was it for him, her husband, to afford other ground for suspicion of her by gratifying his impulse for revenge? Doubtless the reflection that she was ill made his thoughts of her even more kindly and charitable than they would otherwise have been. If he felt a spark of anger on account of her imprudence, pity blew it out; and pity for her also prevented the gratification of his fury against Allardyce. It did not mitigate the rage within him, however: on the contrary, the necessity for moderation condensed it; he felt dangerous even to himself; and if ill fate had at that moment brought Wynn Allardyce within his sight, it is more than probable he would have lost all self-command. As it was, he pulled out his watch, and seating himself at the old desk dashed off these words:

"I have read the inclosed letter. It is now six o'clock; if within one hour you have not left this house, or if I set eyes upon you in the mean time, as sure as my hand writes this, I will shoot you like a dog." Then placing Paul Jones's note with this in an envelope, he sealed it up and rang the bell. "Take this to Mr. Allardyce," said he to the servant, "and immediately."

"He is dressing for dinner, Sir."

"No matter; put it into his own hand at once. And— Stay; bring back his answer to me in my dressing-room."

Arthur went in thither, and opened a drawer in which he had always kept a pistol loaded since his marriage, at his wife's request. She had been accustomed to live in town, and was nervous in the country about thieves. If Allardyce should refuse to go, or venture to come into his presence, his blood be on his own head. He would keep his word.

He could hear the housekeeper talking softly to Helen's maid in the next room, where Helen herself was lying; their voices reminded him of an illness he had once had at school, the only severe one he had ever had, and when every body about him had talked in a similar key—the tone of the sick-room when there is danger. How frightful it would be to rouse the quiet of the house by a pistol-shot, and how it would terrify Helen! His wrath did not abate in the slightest degree, but he regretted having written so imperative a letter; he might at least have given this scoundrel longer rope—a little more time to get away. Nevertheless, so help him Heaven! he would keep his word. He stood by the open drawer looking at the pistol for what seemed the full hour, but which in reality was but a minute or two. Then steps came along the passage, and there was a knock at his door.

"Who is that?" asked he. Suppose it should have been Allardyce himself come to offer some sort of explanation or denial! The perspiration stood upon his forehead.

"It's me, Sir." Thank Heaven! it was the servant's voice.

He opened the door a little way. "Well, what is the message?"

"There is none, Sir. At least Mr. Allardyce only said, 'Indeed,' and 'Very good.'"

"Are you sure that was all?"

"Yes, Sir; that was all he said to me. But his man was in the room, and I heard Mr. Allardyce give orders that his things should be packed at once, because Mrs. Tyndall was taken alarmingly ill, and that, on the whole, he thought it better to leave the house, lest he might be in the way."

"That is what I expected. Tell John to have the carriage round in half an hour, to take Mr. Allardyce to the railway station. And don't let the gong be beaten for dinner, nor any unnecessary noise made; indeed, there will be no dinner; I shall take a chop in the smoking-room instead, when I have a mind for it. In the mean time I shall be with your mistress, who is not to be disturbed on any account."

"You would like to know when Mr. Allardyce goes, Sir?"

"No; that will not be necessary; I have wished him 'good-by' already."

It was with an immense sense of relief that Arthur shut the door, and closed the drawer and locked it. Then he passed softly into his wife's room, as into a sanctuary, and found her sleeping.

"That is a good sign," whispered he to the housekeeper, "surely?"

"Well, no, Sir," returned the old lady, sadly, "not sleep like that isn't. See how flushed her poor cheeks are, and how unlike one in health she breathes! You must be very quiet, please, Sir, if you stop here."

Perhaps some reminiscence of the heyday of her master's youth, during which his high spirits had made him somewhat noisy, had crossed the housekeeper's mind, for Arthur was quiet enough. He sat down beside the fire and listened to his wife's quick breathing, and also for the sounds of his guest's departure, which in due time he heard: the heavy but careful footsteps of those who carried the luggage down stairs; the craunch of the carriage-wheels on the gravel as it drew up to the hall door; a voice or two, and presently the vehicle's departure. It was welcome to his ears, of course; and yet he found himself wondering whether the tread of those who carried a coffin would have the same muffled sound; and if a hearse should be at the door, would it proclaim itself for what it was, or not? Would the horses champ their bits, as his own did, and—

"Arthur?" The voice came from the bed.

"Yes, dearest."

"I should like mamma to be sent for."

There was nothing unnatural in the expression of such a wish, under the circumstances; and yet it made him shudder. It seemed to corroborate the dread presentiment of death that had taken possession of him. And yet, like many another feeling of its sort, nothing was fated to come of it, at all events for that time. Helen got much worse, it is true, had what the doctor called "a bad bout of it;" lay for many a week in piteous case—for some days even between life and death—but in the end she recovered. It was afterward said, indeed, that she never became herself again; that the fever weakened vital powers that were weak before; but that was after another event had occurred, to be mentioned in its proper place. What altered Helen for the worse, to common eyes, when she became convalescent, was her sense of the new relations in which she stood—she knew not to whom, with two exceptions, but perhaps to all the world. Jenny herself knew and Mr. Glyddon knew of the crime she had attempted to commit, and had doubtless discussed it together; the former it was more than probable had also confided it to others. Arthur, however, knew nothing of it as yet. It was impossible, if he had known, that he could have manifested the tender assiduity that he had shown throughout her illness: to part of this she had been herself a witness, when she had got well enough to take notice of any thing; and her own mother gave evidence of the rest.

"He has showed the best of 'arts, my dear, 'as your good 'usband," asserted the old lady, in a burst of enthusiasm which carried away all her aspirates. "He slept in a bed a foot and a half too short for him for weeks without complaint, until Mrs. Glyn went in on a sudden one morning and found his feet out—all that he might be in the next room to you, and 'as never failed to make up your fire, though it were 'alf a dozen times in the night, with his own 'and."

Mrs. Somers was not a mother-in-law of the ordinary type, for she had "taken to" Arthur, as she expressed it, from the first, and would have defended him even from the aspersions of her own Helen, if she had heard them. But although she saw that there was some coldness between the young couple, she was never admitted into her daughter's confidence sufficiently to learn what she always desired to acquire, "the rights and wrongs" of the matter.

Helen was not unmoved by her mother's account of Arthur's devotion to her during her illness, corroborated, as it was, by other witnesses—but her mind was by no means ripe for reconciliation. In the first place, she reflected that even if his attentions to her were not owing in some measure to gratitude for the supposed part she had played in saving Jenny, they would certainly not have been paid had he known what her conduct toward that young woman had really been. She rather resented them, therefore (so soon as she was sufficiently recovered to do so), than otherwise—not so much from a sense of unworthiness, as in order that when he did come to know the truth he might not say that she had obtained them under false pretenses. Any praise of her heroic behavior on the occasion in question was most distasteful to her, and not the least was the talk in which every body indulged concerning her recent illness having been caused by her exertions at the lasher; for she very well knew that they were principally due to her having sat at the open window in a fit of passion, inviting consumption. Again, though she felt not nearly so remorseful as she should have done with respect to her relations with Mr. Allardyce, she knew that she had behaved imprudently with him, and imagined that her husband was aware of it, from his complete reticence respecting that gentleman. Uncle Magus had perhaps communicated his suspicions to Arthur. These things all worked together for ill with Helen, and prevented her from falling into that meek and grateful state (known to the vulgar as "lamby") incidental to persons slowly recovering from illness, and of which so much might have been hoped. As Helen got better too, not only did Arthur's solicitude relax, but, as it seemed to her, his tenderness also, though that was in reality owing to the cold reception she gave it. He was deeply thankful for her recovery, and anxious that a better understanding should exist between them; but her secret, which might be no secret to him any day, made her hard and unyielding.

She had not the courage, or, perhaps, she had too much pride, to confess it to him with her own lips. They were naturally thrown more together than they had been before her illness, and yet their talk was never confidential. She made conversation to him as to an ordinary acquaintance, in order to prevent its being so. On one occasion, however, when they were sitting in Helen's boudoir together (she was not yet strong enough to go down stairs), some expression of pleasure he let fall concerning her returning health melted the ice about her heart.

"I suppose I have been very ill, Arthur?"

"Very ill, my darling—so ill that I almost feared that you would be taken from me."

"*Et après?*" said she, with involuntary bitterness.

"My dear?" replied he, simply, not understanding her French, nor any body's French.

His simplicity touched her; and her own heart smote her too.

"Was it infectious?" said she. "Were people afraid of catching it?"

"I don't know, I'm sure, dear." That touched her also; and it was true. He had not given a thought to the matter. "Why do you ask?"

"Because I thought Mr. Allardyce had run away for fear of it."

Arthur's brow darkened; he had wished to forget all about that scoundrel, and especially disliked to be reminded of him by Helen.

"No. He went for his own pleasure; or, rather, it became necessary that he should go."

"Indeed!" She felt hot and uncomfortable, but spoke as carelessly as she could. "How was that?"

"Well, I did not intend to tell you of it at present, but you must never mention that man's name again. He is an unutterable scoundrel. I"—he hesitated a moment—the blood rushed to her brain with a noise like the lasher itself—"I found out by sure proof that he was, after all, what Jack (and, indeed, every body else but ourselves) believed him to be, a confederate of that scoundrel, Paul Jones. If, thanks to you, I had not forsworn gambling, he would have stripped me of my last shilling."

He meant nothing but kindness to Helen by that last sentence, as it was easy to perceive. But, unhappily, it put her in mind of the circumstances under which he had made that promise to her to play no more; of the mental reservation of which she was sure he had been conscious when he said that it was nothing but his debts that had suggested his giving her up. Her *bête noir*, Jenny, whose dark hue had been fainting a little, at once presented itself to her mind, as black and hateful as ever. Instead of alluding to it, however, her displeasure expressed itself, characteristically enough, in defending her sprig of the herb valerian.

"But this is very shocking, Arthur: are you sure you are making no mistake? We have seen a great deal of Mr. Allardyce lately, and—you used to be such a stanch defender of his—"

"I am *quite* sure," interrupted Arthur, decisively; "and I wish we had not seen so much of him."

There was more significance in his tone than he had perhaps intended. She felt it in every fibre of her frame; yet she was not afraid. If she had been imprudent with Allardyce, what was that compared with her husband's conduct with respect to Jenny? What right had *he*, merely upon Uncle Magus's notion, to use such a tone toward her as that?

"How did you come to find it out?" asked she, with obstinate pertinacity; for she knew, whatever might be the reason, that he wished to let the subject drop.

"By a letter from Paul Jones to the man himself."

"How came you to get hold of a letter intended for Mr. Allardyce?"

Here, in her turn, she inadvertently touched a very tender place.

Arthur had put Allardyce from his mind as much as possible throughout his wife's illness, for the thought of him, in spite of himself, seemed to harden his heart against her. But there was one question that would often intrude itself upon him, and was very importunate for a reply: Why had Allardyce been prying into his old desk, and for what? That he had done so was plain enough, and in that act had dropped the letter from Paul Jones, probably out of his breast pocket. From the position in which Arthur had been found by Allardyce, when he had suddenly entered the smoking-room, it was likely enough that the latter should have suspected him of having hidden something of importance in that receptacle. But what object could he have had in looking for it? He was a rogue in one sense, it was true, but not a common thief. A certain passage in Jones's letter had haunted Arthur, with respect to this circumstance.

"You show your usual sagacity in the remark that your best hope lies in your catching him tripping—or appearing to catch him, all's one for that—with J. W. That would drive your game into the net."

Was it possible that Allardyce had become aware of the existence of the packet that Jenny had given to him, and was looking for *that?* At Helen's inquiry, "How came you to get hold of a letter addressed to Mr. Allardyce?" this idea occurred to his mind with unusual force: it shot into it like an arrow—barbed.

"I found it in my old school-desk: he had dropped it out of his breast pocket, as I suppose, while he was prying after something or other—the mean scoundrel! But perhaps you will defend him for *that!*"

"Why should you say that, Arthur?"

"Well, at all events, you show no indignation at his baseness," continued he, with irritation. "One would think that prying into another man's desk was an action to excite any body's abhorrence. For my part, I hate underhand, secretive ways of all kinds—"

"Do you never use them yourself, Arthur?" interrupted she.

At this astounding question, delivered in a cold and quiet tone, Arthur looked up angrily from the fire, on which his eyes had been fixed throughout the latter part of their dialogue. But Helen met his gaze quite firmly. "What do you mean, Helen? I don't understand you."

"Oh yes, you do," she struck in, impetuously; "your anger shows me that; and yet you have cause for shame much more than anger. 'No underhand, secretive ways,' do you say? *You!* who make assignations with another woman, within half a mile of your own door, and receive letters from her!"

Wild with jealousy and the sense of wrong as Helen was, and eager, since the opportunity had offered itself, to tax him with his perfidy to the uttermost, there was an expression in Arthur's eyes before which she quailed. It was with a sensible moderation in her tone that she added, "It is no use to deny it, Arthur, for I saw you with my own eyes."

"And Allardyce was with you, was he not?" said Arthur, in a tone the quiet coldness of which contrasted strangely with the passion in his face: she would have much preferred to have heard him storm and swear.

"Mr. Allardyce and I chanced to be walking on the upper path, above the chalk-pit," answered she.

"And you *chanced* to express a wish to have that packet—you set him on to get it! *You!* under your own roof, induced this villain, by promise of what bribe is best known to yourself, to pry and spy upon your own husband!"

He had risen from his chair, and stepped aside, as though to remove himself from her proximity; his face was full of such disgust and loathing as could scarcely have been excited by the spectacle of some creeping reptile.

"No, no, Arthur!" cried she, with a sudden access of her old devotion, and with eager clutch at the love that seemed departing from her forever. "On my soul, it was not so! I knew nothing of his attempt to get possession of the packet, though perhaps I did say I should like to have it. Was it not natural that I should do so?"

"Natural? Perhaps to *you!*" scoffed Arthur.

"To me, or to any wife. When my own eyes beheld you keep an appointment with that infamous girl—"

"Two lies!" interrupted Arthur. "The girl is innocent, pure as yourself—perhaps purer!—and our meeting was accidental."

"And the letter that she gave you—a whole packet, as it looked to me—was that accidental? was that innocent?"

"It was."

"Then show me its contents.—Ah! you dare not. I do not wonder at that."

"There is nothing in that packet, Helen, I take Heaven to witness, that I have any need to be ashamed of, or you to reproach me with."

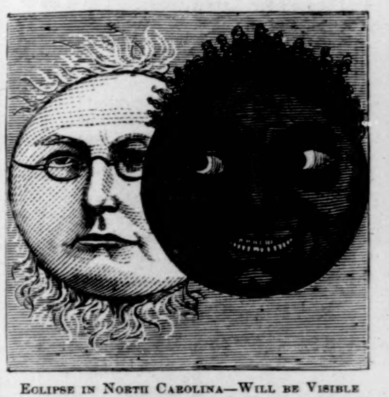
"Then show it me."

"No; I will not." He had opened the door, and stood with the handle of it in his hand, turning once more to look at her: the last look of tenderness—though it was firm too—that he was ever to cast; but she was overmastered by passion, and took no note of that. "You have attempted to gain possession of it by such base means, by help of so infamous an ally," he said, "that I will never, never show it to you!"

"And I will never believe you!" answered she. "I will never believe that there is nothing to be ashamed of in it until you do show it me."

Then the door closed, and he was gone. If the opportunity had really offered itself to them, at the beginning of their talk, for living a new life, for being, for the future, man and wife as man and wife should be, for letting by-gones be by-gones, it was past now, and (they both felt it) was never to occur again.

## HUMORS OF THE DAY.



Eclipse in North Carolina—Will be Visible throughout the United States November 5, 1872.

Family Oracle. "Yes, my dear, this, a mere toy, may become in my hands a death-dealing instrument to the birds of the air and the beasts of the field, even to the biggest beast."

Little Wife. "Oh dear! then pray take care you don't hurt yourself."

A sure Way to make an Impression—Fall down in the mud.

Cool Proceeding—An ice man eloping with a nice girl.

"Professor," said a student in pursuit of knowledge concerning the habits of animals, "why does a cat, while eating, turn her head first one way and then the other?" "For the reason," replied the professor, "that she can not turn it both ways at once."

Some of the poems of poor Miles O'Reilly, read in the light of recent events, seem almost prophetic. Here is an epitaph on the Tammany bandits, written in 1866, which, had it been written in 1871, would have been truer, but less remarkable:

"They lived—the world's wonder
Of folly and weakness:
But, whipped into meekness,
They caved and went under.
Their Verzenay bubbled,
Their poor brains grew muddled,
Their pamphlet a fizzle,
Their rallies a mizzle,
Their ring a delusion,
Their plans all confusion;
No friends to abet them,
No friends to regret them;
Neglected and scouted,
Discarded and flouted;
With golden pretensions
Of shrinking dimensions,
A headache and sickness—
Oh! blame not the quickness"

with which they expire, etc.

Said a conceited young lady, "You men are a covetus set."

A Hinderance to Marriage—Government tax on matches.

"How shall I sell my horse?" said a jockey to an acquaintance. "His tail came off in less than six hours after I bought him." "Sell him by wholesale, for no honorable man will retail him," was the reply.

Carpets bought by the yard are worn out by the foot.

What is often found where it is not?—Fault.

"Ace-High" is the latest sensational drama, and all young ladies know how effective a sigh sometimes is.

There is a sign on Nassau Street, New York, which in the most enticing manner invites passers-by to enter and partake of "Rise Puden."

Base-ball is of much greater antiquity than is supposed. It was played in the Ark when the dove was "put out on a fly."

A man who has invented a new recipe for cleaning clothes parades it on his advertisements under the standing head of "Every Man His Own Washerwoman!"

The "Bump of Destructiveness"—A railway collision.

Don't take too much interest in the affairs of your neighbors. Six per cent. will do.

A party hearing of a dog after Landseer, wanted to know what he was after him for.

A little girl about seven years of age, riding with her father, who was a very easy driver, becoming impatient at the twitching of the horse's legs, at last exclaimed, "What *does* ail that old horse?" "Oh, he has the *spring-halt*," was the answer. The witty youngster replied, "I should think it was *all* '*halt*,' and not much '*spring*' about it!"

To Drunkards.—The pawnbroker's is not the proper place to take the pledge.

Never undertake to fasten a door with a lock from your own head.

The Children's Kingdom—Lap-land.

A man who works for a living should marry a woman taller than himself. "The laborer is worthy of his higher."

"It is strange," muttered a young man, as he staggered home from a party, "how evil communications corrupt good manners. I have been surrounded by tumblers all the evening, and now I am a tumbler myself."

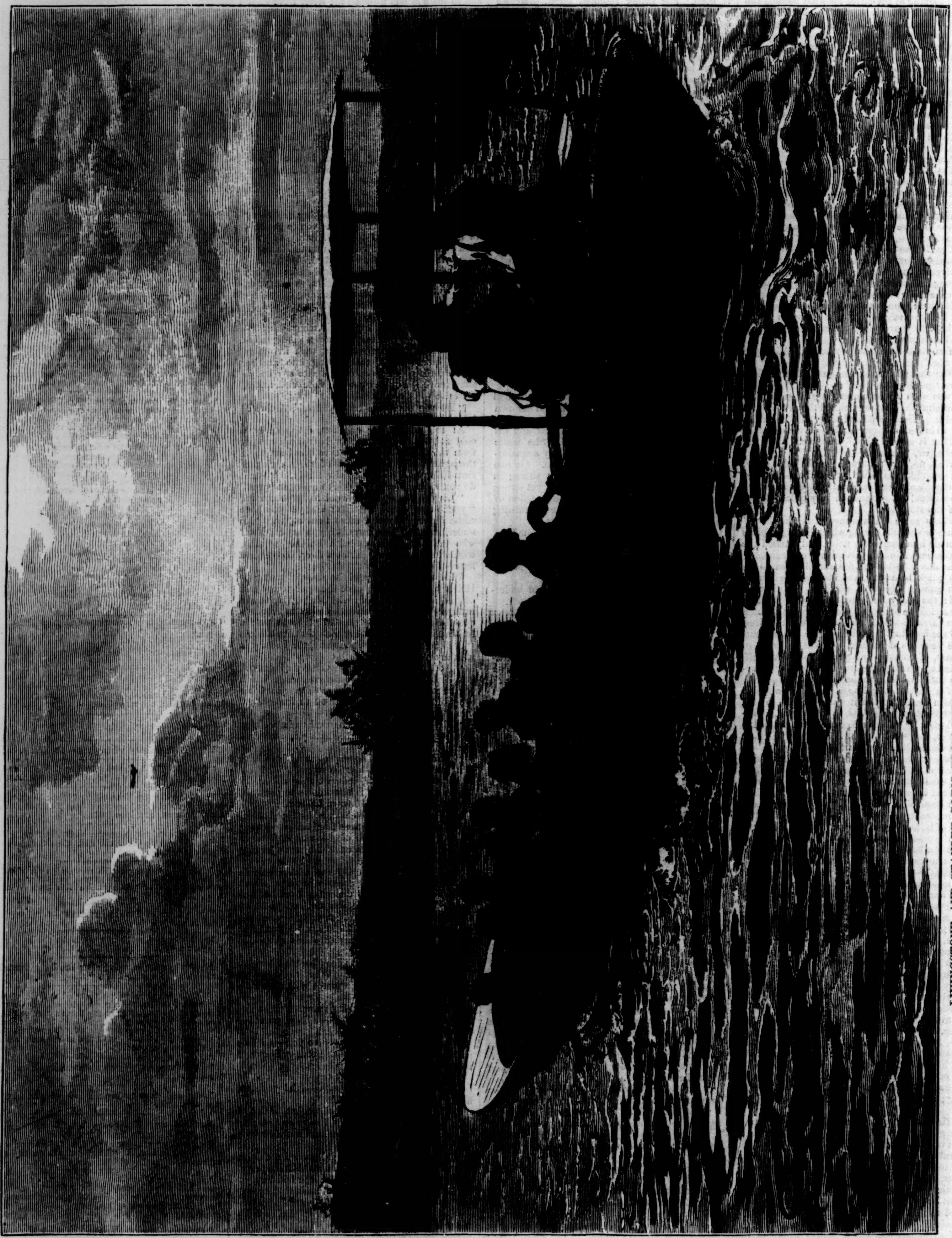
Satyr-ical—To refer to Pan as a kitchen musician.

The best Band to accompany a Lady Vocalist—A husband.

Some one was talking to Thackeray of a certain gentleman's strange addiction to beer. "It's a great pity," said he, "that he does not keep a check-rein on himself, for he is a marvelous fellow otherwise—I mean for talent. I hardly know his equal." "Yes," retorted Thackeray, "he is a remarkable man. Take him for half-and-half, we ne'er shall look upon his like again."

## STANLEY AND LIVINGSTONE.

We present our readers this week with three very interesting pictures, drawn from sketches and other material supplied to the artist by Mr. Stanley himself, representing scenes in the successful search for Livingstone. The story of the expedition, of which we have already given an outline, forms one of the most romantic chapters in the history of African exploration and adventure—so romantic, in fact, that at first few people were inclined to credit it. At a meeting of the English Royal Geographical Society, held on the 22d of January last, for the purpose of organizing an expedition in search of the long-lost discoverer, the learned gentleman who read a paper on that occasion referred to Mr. Stanley in terms which indicated a total want of confidence in his ability to accomplish the object for which the *Herald* had dispatched him to Africa. "Mr. Stanley," he said, "an American traveler, had also attempted to penetrate the interior, but he was stopped by disturbances at Unyanyembe." Little did the compiler of the statement imagine that at the moment when he penned that sentence the person to whom he referred, and the person for whom they were about to search, were both traveling sociably together.



LIVINGSTONE AND STANLEY GOING FROM UJIJI TO RUSIZI RIVER.—[From Sketches and Materials Supplied by Mr. Stanley.]

After the sober prose of the Geographical Society's attempt, Mr. Stanley's story reads like a chapter from the "Arabian Nights." Sent by Mr. Bennett with a roving commission, to use his best judgment and endeavors to find Dr. Livingstone, he had the good fortune to succeed when every body else had failed. After innumerable adventures, and being prostrated twenty-three times by fever, he met the long-lost explorer at Ujiji, on the eastern shore of Lake Tanganyika, on the 10th November last. Mr. Stanley seems to have struck on his trail with the instinct of a red Indian. Africa is a very wide target, but he hit the bull's-eye at once. Seeing among a group of Arabs "a pale-looking, gray-bearded white man, in a red woolen jacket, and upon his head a naval cap with a faded gold band," he immediately guessed it was Dr. Livingstone himself, but fearing that the Arabs would feel contempt for him if he betrayed emotion, he simply walked up to the white man, and nonchalantly observed, "Dr. Livingstone, I believe?" "Yes," as laconically replied the other. Perceiving that the two white men had something very important to say to each other, the Arabs politely withdrew.

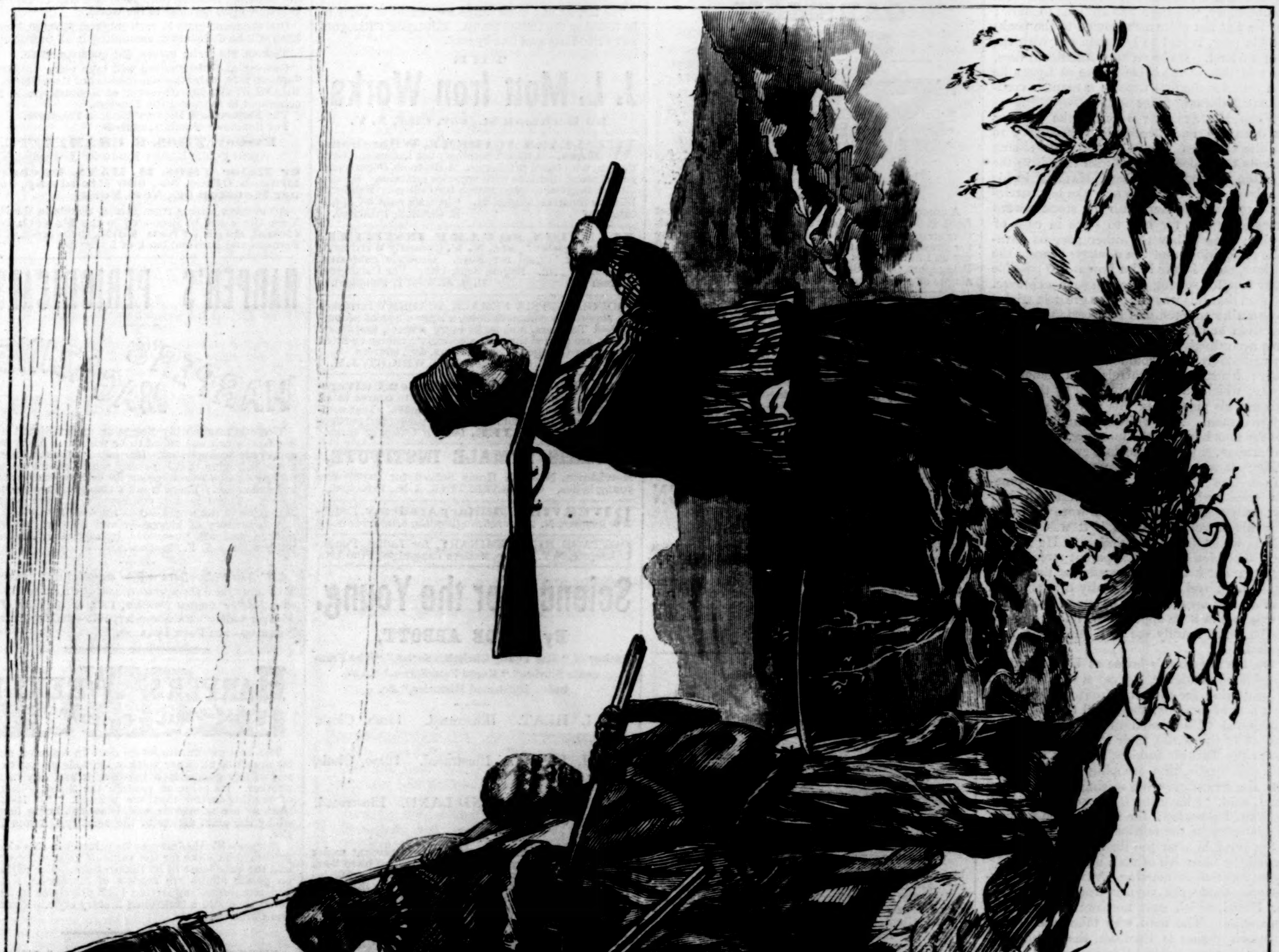
The two gentlemen then opened their hearts to each other; Mr. Stanley related the news of the outside world, from which his listener had been an exile for so many years, and heard in return of Livingstone's geographical discoveries. Both Arabs and natives were delighted at the arrival of the white strangers; they hoisted their flags and beat their tom-toms. Under the cheering influence of Stanley's society the

Doctor's health, which had been very indifferent, rapidly improved, and when the American traveler parted from him on the 14th March last, he appears to have been in excellent condition, both mentally and bodily. The two letters addressed to the New York *Herald* by the great explorer in gratitude for the relief afforded him by the enterprise of that journal show a wonderful cheerfulness of spirit, almost amounting to levity. Indeed, it appears to us that a prolonged sojourn in the interior of Africa has quite enlivened the Doctor's style. His second letter on the slave-trade is quite in the special correspondent's manner. He quotes Nathaniel Hawthorne and *Punch*, and Winwood Reade and Herodotus, and he is full of anecdotes and small jocosities; but when we consider the circumstances under which the letters were penned, the Doctor's light-hearted cheerfulness appears to be the most natural thing in the world.

The two explorers were together about four months. During this time they traveled quite extensively, living on game and a kind of porridge; and under the influence of white companionship and the better and more abundant food furnished by Mr. Stanley's stores, the Doctor improved greatly in health and spirits. When left by his discoverer he was like a new man, and looked forward to months, and perhaps years, of further exploration with fresh courage and hope.

Mr. Stanley has brought with him from Africa a boy named Kalulu, who had been a personal attendant on him and Livingstone—a smart, intelligent, faithful little fellow, full of wonder at the strange sights he saw on his way to Europe. The artist to whose pencil our readers are indebted for the pictures we publish this week visited Mr. Stanley at Paris. We add some particulars from his account of the several interviews:

"On arriving at Mr. Stanley's rooms I found the door open, and instead of a modern Robinson Crusoe, I discovered sitting at a table by the window a gentleman of about thirty, wearing a mustache and imperial. Notwithstanding his youthful appearance his hair was of an iron-gray. On explaining my errand, Mr. Stanley received me very kindly, handed me the cigar-box, and told his servant, an Arab, to give me a chair; we were soon on friendly terms, for Mr. S. has none of that self-importance one sometimes meets with in men who have done something great; if he has a fault, it is too much modesty, for when I asked him for his portrait he said he did not want to bring himself before the world; that if credit and applause were due to any one, it was to the proprietor of the New York *Herald*, who had advanced the money for the expedition, which, he added, was not much noticed in the European papers. Our first interview was very short, as he was invited to breakfast with General Sherman and some other Americans; but



Mr. Stanley. Kalulu. Selim, Arab Interpreter and Body-Servant.

STANLEY ON HIS WAY TO THE COAST.—[From Sketches and Materials Supplied by Mr. Stanley.]

he promised to give me an hour between three and six in the afternoon. When we returned he was not in; but we found the little African boy, Dr. Livingstone's servant, Kalulu, and got a sketch of him in his new jacket and kepi: he had never worn any clothes until he came to Marseilles, and consequently he was not completely at his ease; he complained that his patent-leather boots pinched his feet. Some one had given him a red velvet porte-monnaie, with gilt embroidery, which he was anxious to show; but as he was not quite accustomed to the pockets of his coat, it had to be taken out with the help of a friend. He has a very intelligent face. I was told that at the table d'hôte at Lyons he used a fork for the first time in a manner creditable to a habitual 'diner out.'

"When Mr. Stanley returned he gave us some drawings and descriptions necessary to make the sketches I have sent. One sketch represents the order of the return march to the camp: the interpreter in front, Kalulu in his native dress, and Mr. Stanley; the boy carries the gun on his shoulder, with the stock toward his master, ready for him to seize in case of necessity; then follow the other persons forming the expedition, and the donkeys bearing the provisions, etc. I asked him how it was possible to carry food for so long a time in such a climate. He replied that this was one of the greatest trials; the system he adopted was to ascertain how far it was from one village to the next, and to buy rations accordingly. But the men were not always reasonable, and would eat their food too quickly; hence arose quarrels, and sometimes mutinies, which he could only quell by threatening to use his pistols; in this way he governed a hundred men. The ordinary time for marching is for four hours in the morning, and two in the afternoon, riding on the donkeys in favorable weather; or when villages are separated by ten or fifteen days' march, two hours more are sometimes employed in walking. Although Mr. Stanley uses the razor now, he wore his beard during his travels. I asked if it was easy to obtain provisions from the natives. He said it greatly depended upon the apparent strength of the party; but it often happened that they tried to make a quarrel by accidentally dropping the end of a spear upon the foot of one of the party, and woe to him if he appeared inclined to resent what he could readily see had been done with intention.

"Dr. Livingstone's house at Ujiji is rather a dilapidated residence, the eaves of the thatch roof projecting far over the front of the house form a sort of veranda, the raised floor of which is composed of hardened mud. Here the inmates sit in the shade, their legs crossed somewhat in the Turkish fashion. It was from this house that a pale, thin, stooping figure came to meet Mr. Stanley, who, raising his traveling helmet, said, 'I have the honor to see Dr. Livingstone, I presume;' the figure raised his cap, and answered in the affirmative; and then under the veranda near the door they sat and exchanged the narrative of their adventures."

Soon after their meeting, Stanley and Livingstone made the voyage from Ujiji to the river Rusizi, which runs northward from Lake Tanganyika. The man who takes the stroke-oar in the picture is Bombay, the faithful follower of Burton, Speke, Grant, and Stanley, and now with Livingstone. An outline of the Doctor's discoveries in regard to the long-vexed question of the source of the Nile was given in *Harper's Weekly* for July 27, together with a full and accurate map of the region.

## RAILROAD BONDS.

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Facts for the Ladies.—Mrs. Thos. L. Smith, Wellsville, N. Y., has used her Wheeler & Wilson Lock-Stitch Machine eleven years without any repairs, and one needle—No. 2—for nearly five years. See the new Improvements and Woods' Lock-Stitch Ripper.—[*Com.*]

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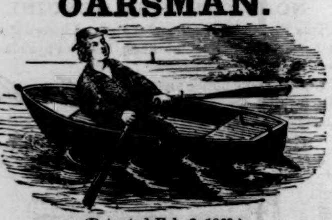

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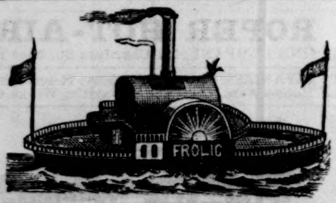

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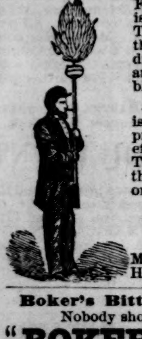

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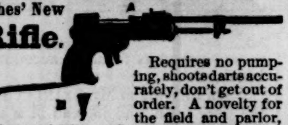

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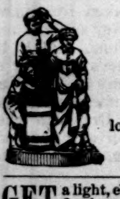

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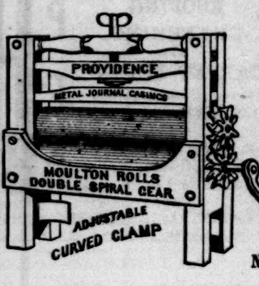

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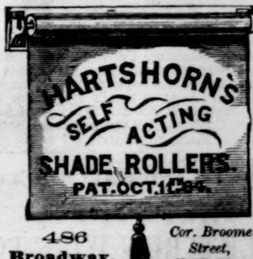
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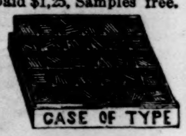

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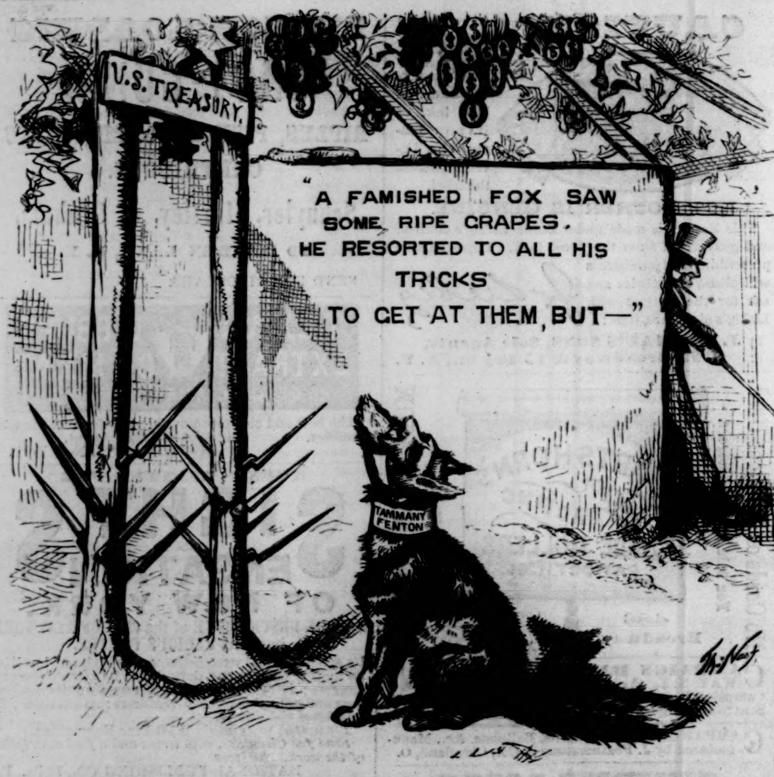
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# LONDON: A PILGRIMAGE.

## BY GUSTAVE DORÉ AND BLANCHARD JERROLD.

### To be Completed in Twelve Parts.—Part 6.

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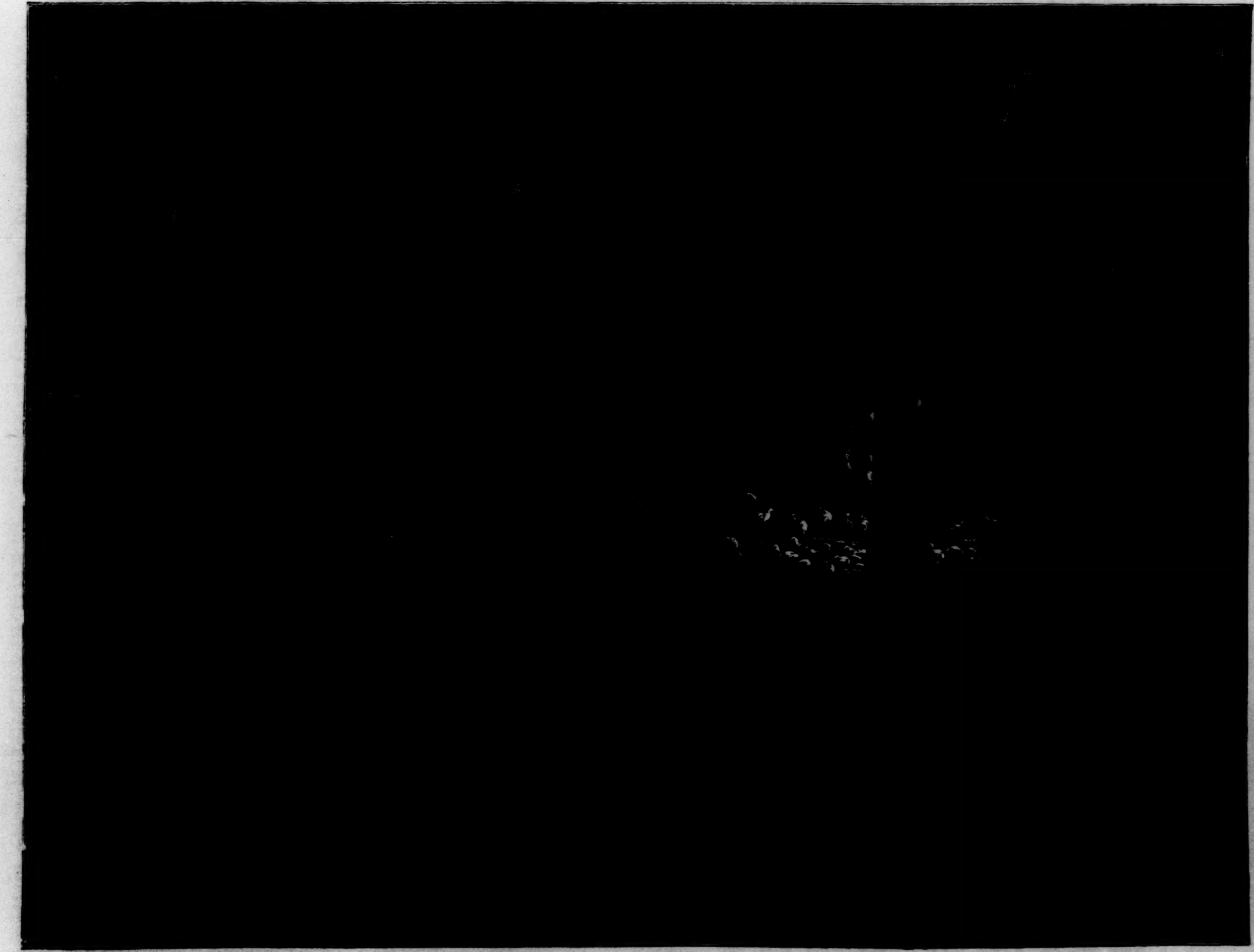

UNDER THE TREES, REGENT'S PARK.

## CHAPTER IX.

### THE WEST END.

The non-workers, viz., those who are able, choose, or are compelled to live without labor, are a minority; but they are powerful by their culture and their wealth. The rich and high-born, so often miscalled the idle, whose province it is to lead in society, to fill Chiswick Gardens, and give a brilliant aspect to the Ladies' Mile, are a distinct, exclusive, cultivated, and winning class. Princes and princesses of fashion; the observed of all observers at Court and Drawing-Rooms, and the favorite leader of the cotillon; the peerless beauty and the most engaging of men at a *déjeuner dinatoire*, a *thé*, or a picnic; the deadliest match-maker, with the financial predicament of every suitor at her fingers' ends, and *the* man of the club—the whole fun, in short, of Vanity Fair, troops and sidles, rides and drives, smiles and dances, in a circle that may be said to have Hyde Park Corner for its centre. It has broadened westward and northward since Theodore Hook said that London *par excellence* was bounded on the north by Piccadilly, on the south by Pall Mall, on the east by the Haymarket, and on the west by St. James's Street. Some two centuries ago Hook's London was suffering the process which has been carried on in our own time in Tyburnia and Westbournia, Belgravia and South Kensington. Like "the great Orion," we see the sun of fashion still "sloping slowly to the West." Hook's London is identified with Lords Burlington, Berkeley, and Clarendon, as St. James's Square is with the Earl of St. Albans. The traditions of the Stuarts lie thick about Pall Mall and Piccadilly. The liveliest stories of the Court thenceforth are grouped hereabouts. The club gossip of generations; the scandals of the great; the lives of the wits and beaux and beauties; the impertinences of Brummel and the mots of Sheridan; the gambling bouts of the last generation in Jermyn Street, and the learned evenings of the peaceful Albany; the histories of Almack's and the disasters brought about at Crockford's—are *disjecta membra* for history, on which Cunningham and Timbs, and Wheatley in our own day, have loved to dwell, and of which the cultivated Londoner never tires. He is happy in the midst of all these associations; and, while lounging under Macaulay's window, or by the Green Park, or under White's, or through St. James's Square, feels himself to be in the best of all good ghostly company. Can he ever tire of Piccadilly*—now narrowed to the street that stretches from Regent Street to Hyde Park Corner—or of any of that part of London which dates from the Restoration? Here are to be studied all classes

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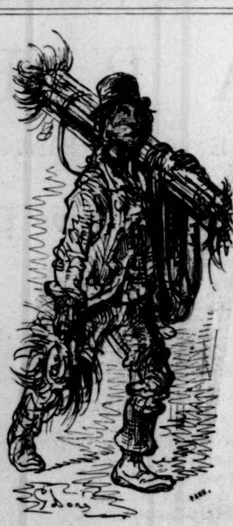
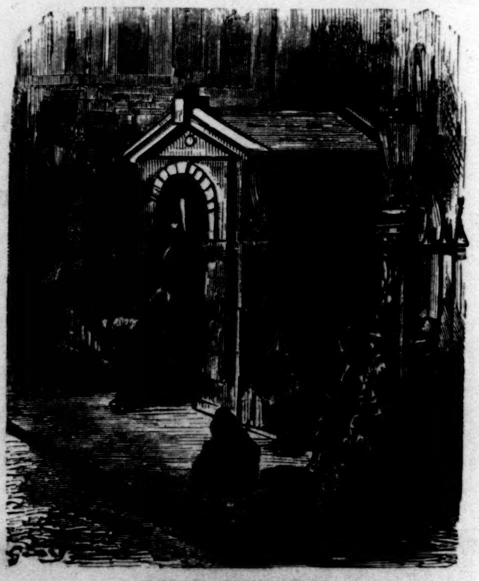
* "The origin of the name appears to be wrapped in impenetrable mystery, and the various attempts to solve it are nearly all alike unsatisfactory. The earliest conjectural etymology is to be found in Thomas Blount's 'Glossographia,' of which the first edition was published in 1656. The passage is as follows: 'Pickadil (à Belg. Pickedillekens, *i. e.*, Lacinia, Teut. Pickedel), the round hem, or the several divisions set together about the skirt of a garment, or other thing; also a kinde of stiff collar, made in fashion of a Band. Hence, perhaps, that famous ordinary near St. James, called Pickadilly, took denomination; because it was then the outmost or skirt house of the suburbs that way. Others say it took name from this: that one Higgins, a tailor, who built it, got most of his estate by Pickadilles, which, in the last age, were much worn in England.' In the second and later editions of his work, Blount omitted the passage which contained what was apparently his own conjecture, viz., 'because it was then the outmost or skirt house of the suburbs that way.' This is, I think, the most probable of the two derivations, for Higgins and his collars appear to have been a pure myth."—*Wheatley.*

BUCKINGHAM GATE.



THE EARLY RISER.



THE HORSE-GUARDS.

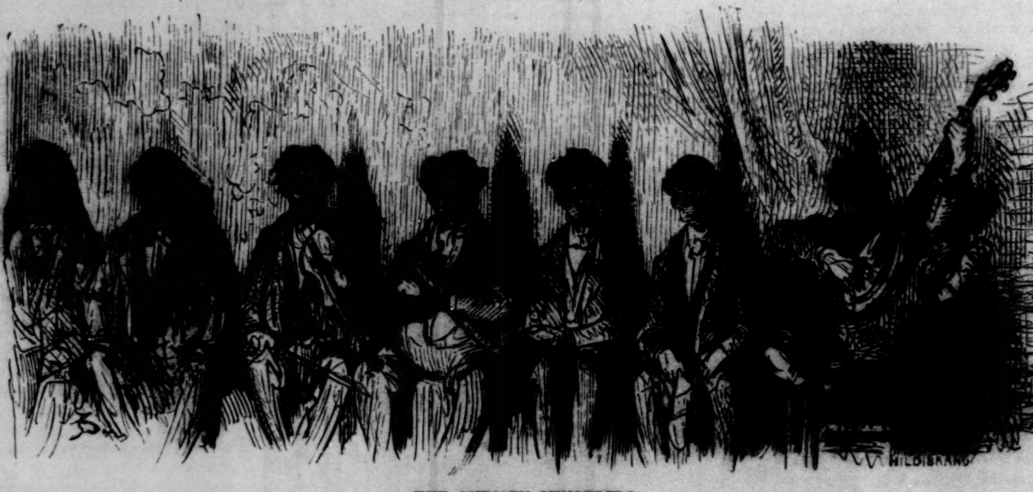
of London characters, from the fashionable man about town to the West End dog-fancier. A libertine of the Restoration period wrote:

> "Farewell, my dearest Piccadilly,
> Notorious for good dinners;
> Oh! what a Tennis-Court was there!
> Alas! too good for sinners."

For dinners Piccadilly has lost its prestige completely since Francatelli left the hotel by Devonshire House; and the tennis-court ceased to exist in James Street, Haymarket, five years ago; but the whole length of this splendid avenue that leads to the Ladies' Mile is peopled with entertaining memories. The Earl of Burlington, Sir William Petty (whose site is now occupied by Lincoln and Bennett), the author of "Vathek," Lord Holland, George Selwyn, the Earl of Sunderland, Lord Melbourne, and the Duke of York—original proprietor of the palace now called the Albany! In the quiet avenue of the Albany memories of the illustrious dead crowd upon you, while you are arrested at every turn by curious specimens of the living—as our old London friend the fly-paper vendor, for instance. Lord Byron wrote his "Lara" here, in Lord Althorp's chambers; George Canning lived in A5, and Lord Macaulay in E1, Tom Duncombe in F3, Lord Valentia the traveler in H5, Monk Lewis in K1. Watier's Club (celebrated for fops and fine dinners, and Brummel's vagaries) at the corner of Bolton Row; Sir Francis Burdett barricaded against the Sergeant-at-Arms in Stratton Street; Madame D'Arblay's lodgings over Barrett's Brush Warehouse; Cambridge House, where Lord Palmerston's brilliant assemblies blocked the way weekly; the houses of Sir Thomas Lawrence and Sir William Hamilton; Mr. Hope's costly mansion, now the Junior Athenæum Club; Gloucester House, where the Elgin marbles were first exhibited; the old Duke of Queensberry's—

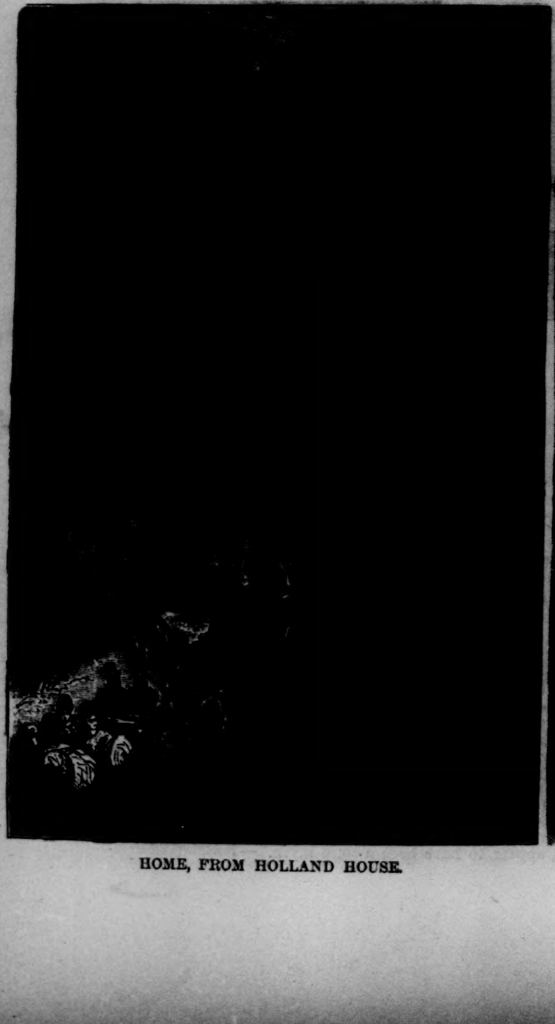
"Old Q.,
The Star of Piccadilly;"

Byron's house (139), where he passed his short domestic life; and Apsley House, the site of which was occupied by the old Ranger's Lodge and an apple stall, of which Wheatley says: "It is reported that one day George II. recognized an old soldier, named Allen, as having served at the battle of Dettingen, and gave him this piece of ground at Hyde Park Corner, where his wife kept a stall, which is marked in a print dated 1766. Lord Bathurst had a controversy with this woman, and she filed a bill against him, on which he gave her a considerable sum of money to relinquish her claim. It was observed at the time that 'here is a suit by one old woman against another, and the Chancellor has been beaten in his own Court.'" Here are pleasant points of interest on the way to join the splendid crowd and hurly-burly of the Park. The *Anti-Jacobin* was published in the shop now Ridgway's; Albert Smith, Haydon, Sir George Hayter, and a host of lesser lights are associated with the Egyptian Hall; but the entertainers have deserted the old temple for the more splendid housing of St. James's Hall; wherein, one evening, my fellow-pilgrim made some very whimsical notes of the famous negro minstrels.



THE CHRISTY MINSTRELS.

Of all the streets north or south of Piccadilly, Regent Street, albeit the most pretentious—the handsomest—designed as it was as a royal way from Carlton Palace, is the least interesting. The Piccadilly side streets, even to the smallest, are full of delightful story, as Mr. Wheatley has reminded us in his great book of West End gossip; but Regent Street was commenced only in 1813. It is the highway which distinguished foreigners most affect; it is a busy scene of fashionable shopping in the Season; it is the street where the perambulating dog-fancier finds his readiest market; but it has no story more interesting than that of the Brighton carpenter, John Nash, who designed it, under the favor of the Prince Regent. Bond Street, Pall Mall, King Street, St. James's, and St. James's Street, with every little way to the east and west of it, Park Lane—and all May Fair indeed—are filled with fashionable romance; and even the new glories of Belgravia have not dimmed Piccadilly's lustre, as May Fair dimmed that of Soho and Covent Garden, making them as strange to the Fashion of our Victorian era as Old Buckingham Gate.



HOME, FROM HOLLAND HOUSE.

THE DRIVE.

## CHAPTER X.

### IN THE SEASON.

INDEED, a good—a thorough—day in the Season means hard work. The early canter, when the pale emerald glories of the spring foliage and the misty blue of the sky make a cool, invigorating morning, disposes the weariest for breakfast, the morning papers, and the inevitable pile of letters.

How shall we spend the morning? My fellow-pilgrim declares for the Park again; for a lazy cigar, and a study of Fashion riding or walking hard, in the bracing air, to get over the fatigues of yesterday.

"This is London: this, and the East End."

The high-bred, delicate, rose-tinted beauty of women and children; the courage and comeliness of the amazons; the calm, solid air of their cavaliers; the perfect horses; the severe simplicity and perfect appointments of the liveried attendants; the genial air of quiet strength and grace which is upon all the scene—are strange to the mind of the *habitué* of the Bois de Boulogne under the Second Empire. He returns to the Park again and again; is never tired of the stateliness of Kensington Gardens, with the rosy children, haughty dames, and demure nurses under the noble trees; and will have his afternoon turn along the Ladies' Mile, let his engagements be what they may.

"Let us have an hour in the Royal Academy before lunch; we shall see some types of true British beauty," is the second suggestion of the day. "As many as I saw last night at Holland House." Be it so. And here, in their morning freshness, we find troops of the partners of last evening. Perhaps they look at their best in their early toilets, and with their homelier expression. We drop in at Christie's, and find other types: the old connoisseurs, political celebrities, dowagers of severe features pronouncing learnedly on china, a bishop or two, and artists and critics, and reporters and porters.

Indeed, Christie's has become a fashionable London institution, in which, when the representatives of a Gillott are selling treasures, the visitors may see, in a few mornings, all that is brilliant and distinguished in English society.

The Thatched House—more hospitable than their high mightinesses of Pall Mall—gives you a good luncheon. The pilgrim tires of Verey's, and the Burlington, and the Pall Mall; even of the St. James's when under the dainty care of Francatelli. After an hour in the venerable Abbey, filled with a splendid wedding-party, lunch, a little laziness, and a little letter-writing, bring us to the hour for calls; to a fancy bazar; to a garden-party; to a talk and tea in the charming grounds of Lambeth Palace, of which the old Lollard's Tower is packed with laughing girls; to Fulham and the green banks of our beloved river, with old Putney Church and the quaint wooden bridge for background; or to a dancing, flirting, or argumentative tea!

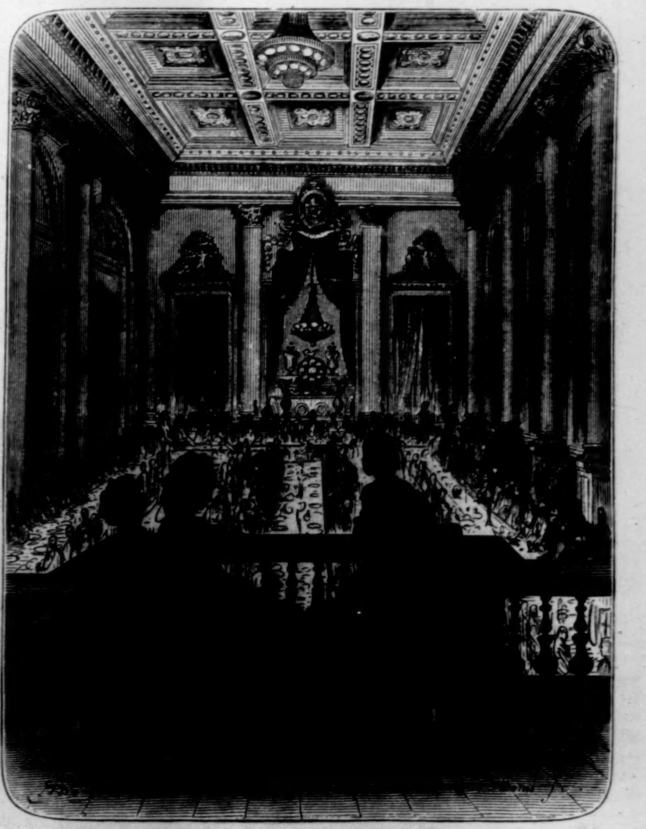
And the day is far away still from its close!

We are at the point of the great solemnity of the day—dinner. Dinner, encompassed with ancient pomp and circumstance, as when the Goldsmiths of London invite; or light and lively, as at Greenwich or Richmond.

In England it is an institution—whether

> "Sidney's copse,
> To crown thy open table, doth provide
> The purpled pheasant with the speck'ed side—"

or the plainest fare be your fate. We are told that the celebrated Mrs. Howard (Lady Suffolk) sold her own beautiful tresses to enable her husband, then in very narrow circumstances, to give "a dinner of policy to a great man." And what was the wifely boast of Lady Hardwicke, wife of the Lord Chancellor? That "uncertain as was the time of the Lord Chancellor's dining, and the company that would attend him, yet if it should happen that he brought with him an embassador, a person of the highest rank, he never found a dinner or a supper to be ashamed of." A great American authority writes: "In all fashionable life, whether in London, Paris, Madrid, Vienna, Washington, or New York, this meal is the one above all others to which is invited the distinguished stranger or the beloved friend. To this meal, kings and nobles, knights and squires, laymen and priests, have each and all attached a high importance. 'How shall we dine to-day?' is the first thought in every rank of life, and of human beings every where." It is not the meal at which people eat, but at which they criticise eating, and talk the day over. Mrs. Stowe said of her gastronomic experience at the Duchess of Sutherland's: "At lunch every thing is placed upon the table at once, and ladies sit down without removing their hats." It is true they *eat*—as we ate some hours ago at the club.

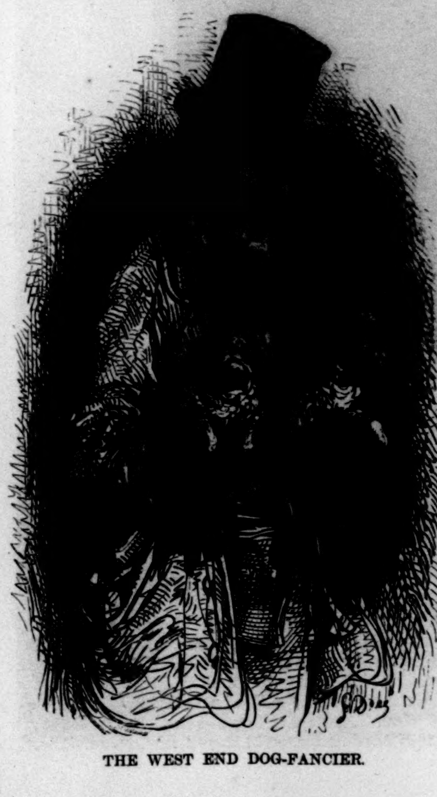


THE GOLDSMITHS AT DINNER.

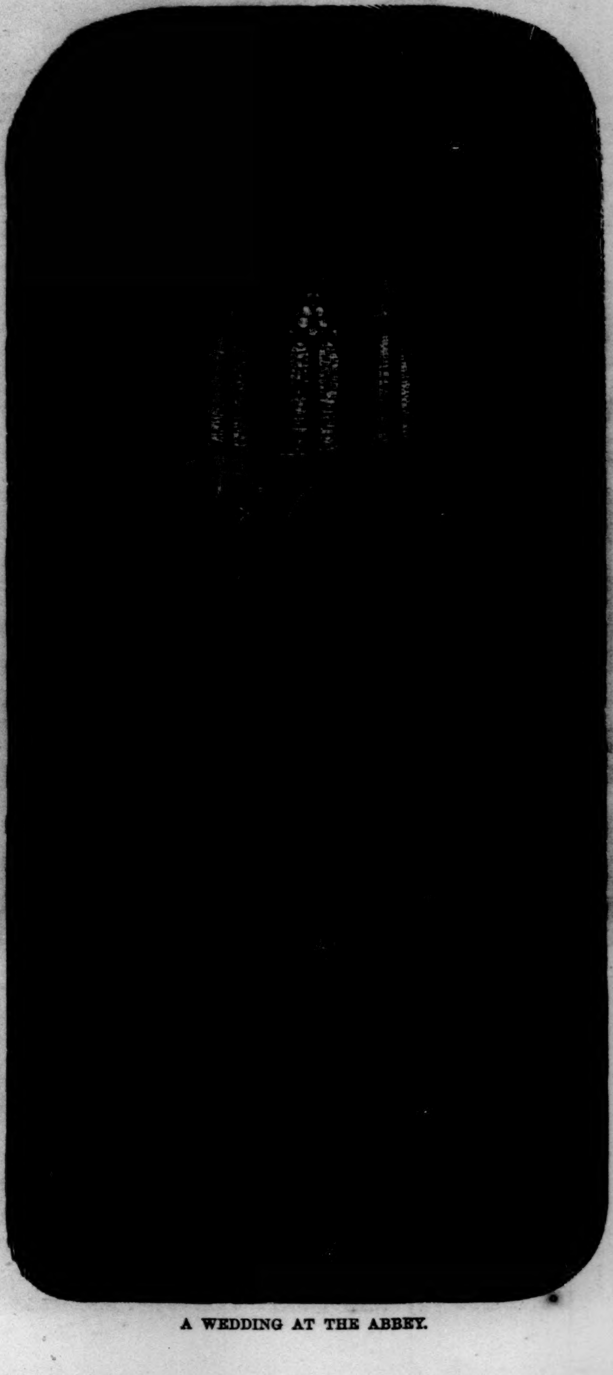
But this is not my fellow-pilgrim's habit; and he is carrying a robust appetite whither we are bound—to a "man's dinner" of notable political leaders—at Greenwich.

A few shades of opinion meet at a handsome table for a quiet, over-elaborated dinner. Mostly members of Parliament. A few Radical outsiders, too powerful not to be asked. Easy conversation · no ladies. The Session is about to open. It is agreed that during the sitting of Parliament no man (man meaning only a member of the House of Commons) should live farther away from St. Stephen's than Richmond. Parkyns does, it is true; but then Parkyns has a good night's rest in the cabins before he goes home. "Yes, he and Macpherson, who regularly turns in, and curls himself up." Macpherson represents a State Department in the House.

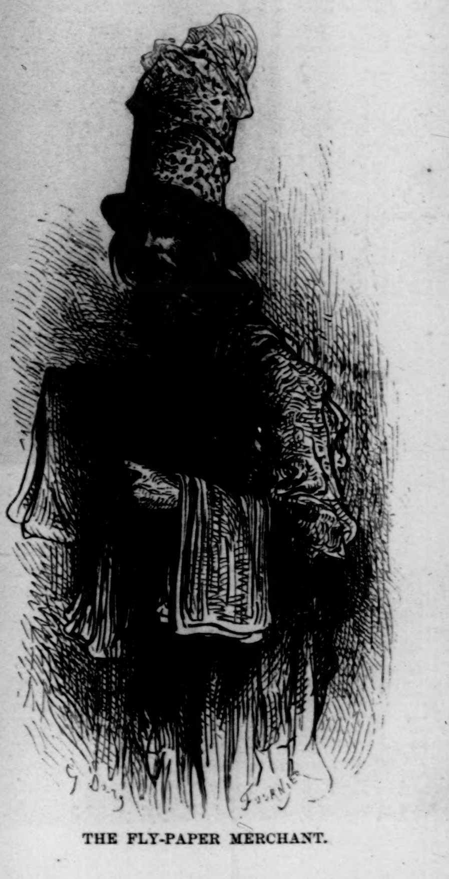
Will the dining be improved? Between four and six you can dine well: after that you must wait late. Dining-room—a horrible place; but no hope of altering it now. Not a crumb to be had; nor a glass of sherry without paying for it. A secretary to a Minister of State must pay for his sandwiches, and no credit. Lowe keeps a vigilant eye upon the sandwich-boxes. One of the Radicals observes that he is glad to see propriety and order making their



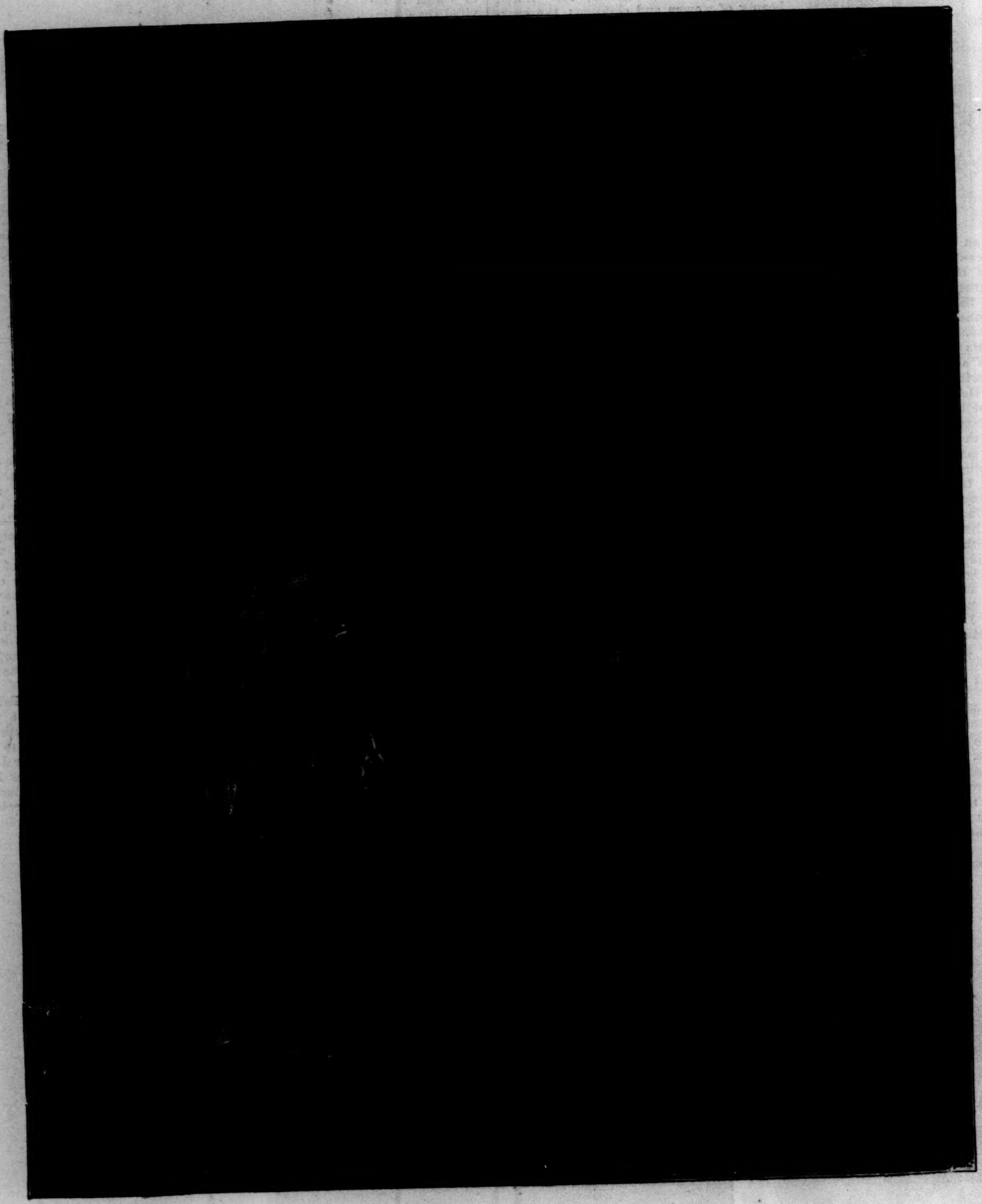
THE WEST END DOG-FANCIER.



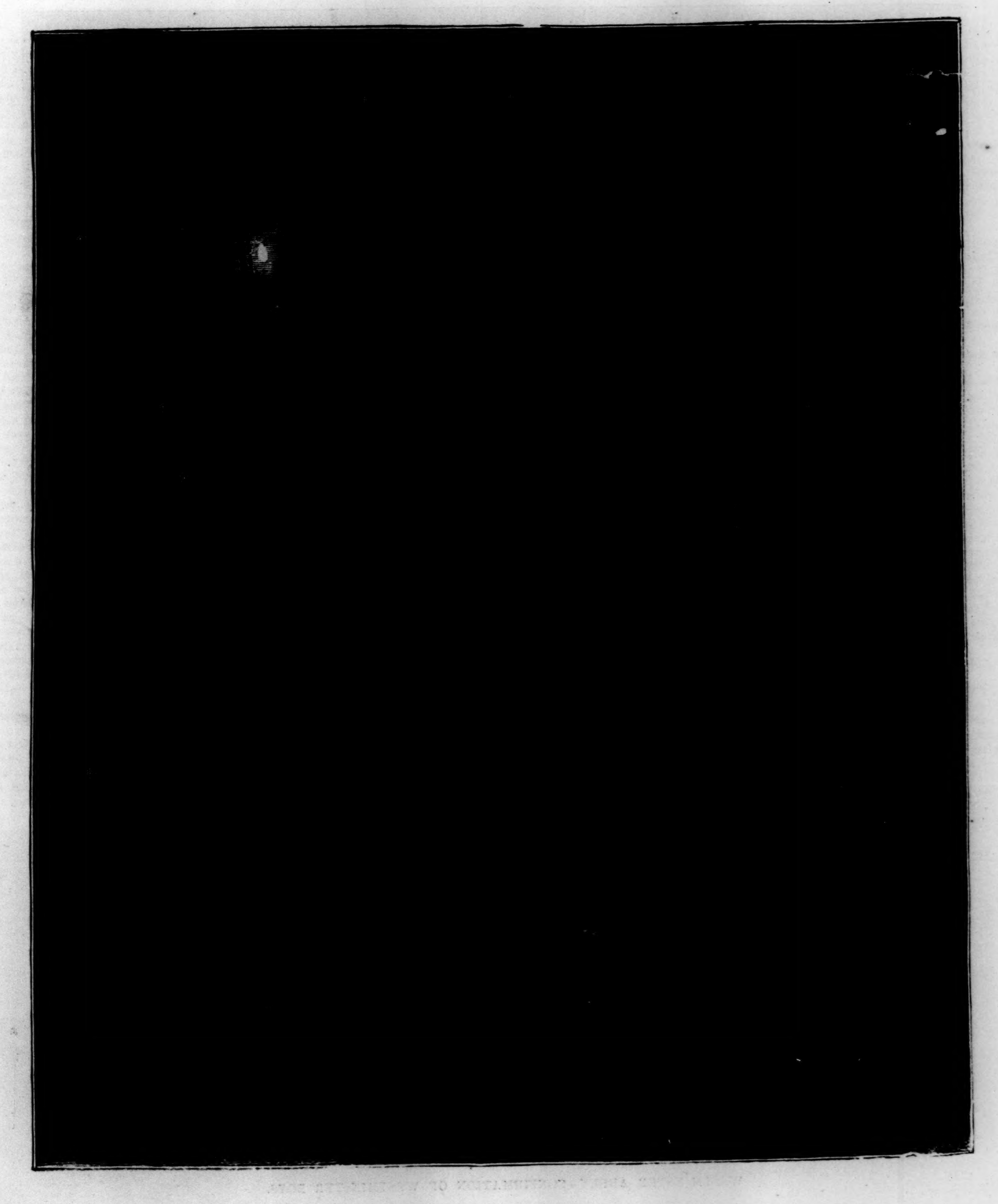
A WEDDING AT THE ABBEY.



THE FLY-PAPER MERCHANT.



THE BULL'S-EYE.

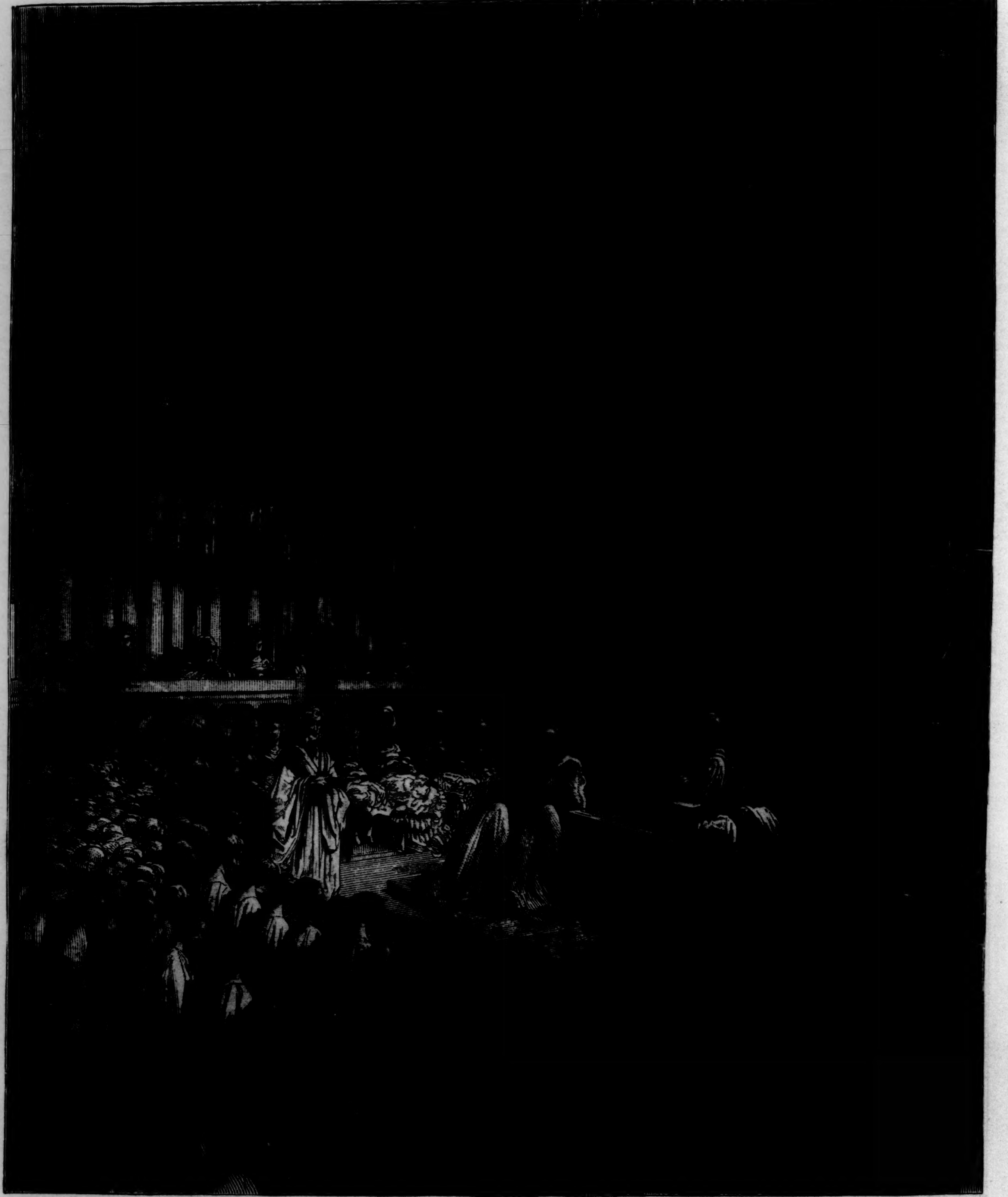


HOUNDSDITCH.

way even into Downing Street. A Liberal member, who thinks his Liberalism the best joke in the world, is excessively amusing at the expense of the democratic principles which, glancing at the diamonds upon his bosom, he admits must be professed to a certain extent in public in these days.

By-the-way, has any body ever noticed Smug's diamonds? Diamonds in the day-time! The splendid Liberal has not missed them—size of half a crown—and in a frilled shirt front. Can human depravity outmatch this! The laugh is general—as why should it not be?—over Smug, who swept his own office once, and is no Liberal *pour rire*. The splendid Liberal opines that his friend the Metropolitan member will have a hard time of it, living in the midst of his constituents. No; the Metropolitan is very seldom at home. How is the working-man, as member, to be dealt with?

The Minister's secretary dabs his mustache after the *salmi*, and jerks out, "No chance: no chance." A Radical, who is amusingly in earnest, declares that in that case a compromise must be made. An arrangement must be come to, by which the Whigs and Tories will undertake not to oppose working-men candidates in a given number of places.



WESTMINSTER ABBEY—CONFIRMATION OF WESTMINSTER BOYS.

The splendid Liberal is entranced with the innocence of the proposal. What! agree to a certain number of poor boroughs—poor boroughs—that are to taste none of the sweets of an election! Find places ready for the martyrdom! The Radical would be angry—if he dared—and mutters that "we" mean what we profess. The retort is "Bright and adulteration—his eloquence on the virtues of sand in sugar," etc.

And so the conversation wanders to Bright, who is unanimously voted a marvelous speaker. Pity Gladstone doesn't take a few more notes, to keep him steadily in the grooves of his subject. Look at Bright's notes in that neat little hand of his—the speech is almost written: the peroration always is, like Dizzy's.

"*He's* nearly finished," is a Liberal member's suggestion. The splendid Liberal thinks so too—but is Hardy strong enough for the place? After the last exhibition, when he looked as if he would tumble under the table—and it would have been best for him if he had—it was all up, the Minister's secretary thought: and, *he* thinking it, it was all up. Did the splendid Liberal notice Gladstone picking up the paper, and tearing it into bits?—that always means mischief. And so on to coffee, and a cigar, and a lighter talk, as for instance of the origin of the Ministerial White-bait dinner, which is interesting. But we note by the way that it was on the borders of Dagenham Lake, by Erith, the Ministerial White-bait dinner took its rise.

When Sir Robert Preston, M.P. for Devon, invited his friend George Rose, Secretary to the Treasury, to dine with him at his snug fishery by the banks of the lake, toward the close of a Parliamentary Session, he had little idea that he was germinating a little historical fact, and leading up to sundry fortunes within the shadow of Chelsea Hospital, and opening up a new industry to Blackwall, that had merely then the sea-going monopoly of the Indies. It was in Pitt's time. The invitation produced a happy meeting, we are bound to believe, since Preston and Rose, in the warmth of their cordiality, or in the remembrance of it, proposed that a fishery "dinner" should again celebrate the close of a year's Parliamentary labors.

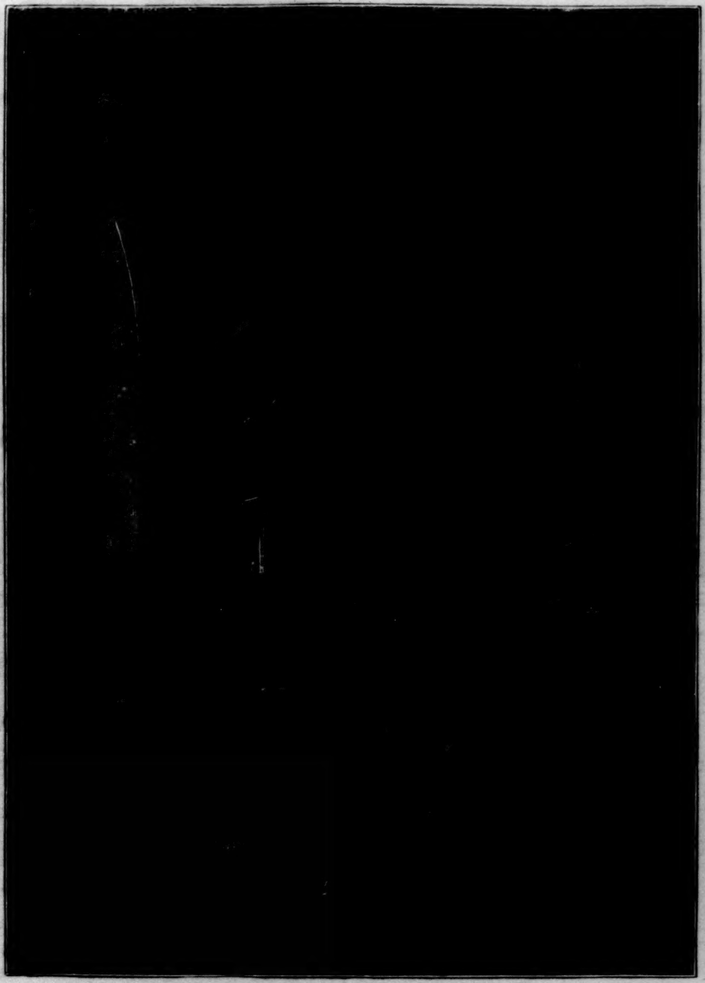
"What if we have Pitt!" was the idea that struck the friends. Pitt was a clubbable man. The second party, with Pitt to break the *tête-à-tête*, was, need it be said? a success. Pitt was so delighted with the shores and the fare of Dagenham that he proposed to repeat the convivial experiment. On the third occasion the pleasantness of the parties having got wind drew a larger party; and a third time delighted visitors returned from Dagenham to London. The casual invitation from Preston to Rose to eat fish in his Dagenham snuggery led to Pitt; and Pitt, not averse to a convivial turn in political affairs, suggested a practical and sensible change. Dagenham was just a little too far. The whereabouts of future fish-eatings commemorative of the Parliamentary Session's close was discussed, and Greenwich was chosen—albeit the minute multitudinous *pièces de resistance* of the feast came from Gravesend. And thus the Ministerial White-bait dinner has become a national institution, passing between the Ship and the Trafalgar with the changes of Ministry.

It has been observed that the worst of a dinner-table is that you must leave it. And you must leave it early, and be very discreet at it, if you would be welcome first at the *soirée* of the learned Society; then at the Deanery; then at the Opera; and lastly as you look in at a ball or two before you go home in the palest hour of the morning, when the sweep—the early London riser—is the only creature at work.

## CHAPTER XI.

### BY THE ABBEY.

**FROM** our pleasant window in the eastern angle of the Westminster Palace Hotel we have watched the bright side of London life on many a May morning, as it drifts gayly past the shadows of the venerable Abbey. Venerable indeed: its foundations lost in the tangled, indistinct records of the remote past. Was it erected, as Sporley, a monk of the Abbey, records, at the period when King Lucius is said to have become a Christian—nearly seventeen centuries ago? Was it a Temple of Apollo under the Roman Emperor Diocletian; or later, as John Flete implies—in the fifth, or perhaps the sixth, century, when the Pagan Saxons and Angles overran the island? Or was the story of the Apollo merely a spiteful invention, as Wren surmised, got up by the Abbey monks in rivalry to the traditions of Diana and St. Paul's? We shall never know, let us fondly trust, whether foundations of a Pagan shrine lie below the Christian ground. Suffice it for us that we may reverently pace the ancient Abbey, and day by day mark the life that passes within and without. Now gala carriages, in stately line, wind to the gates; and we are present at a splendid wedding. Now crowds of happy boys, the favorites of fortune of the land, are coming from Westminster School for confirmation by the bishop. It is an imposing and a beautiful scene. These lads—the flower of the country, whose paths tend to the senate and the council chamber, and who will be among the future governors of the Empire—are ranged and gowned as my fellow-pilgrim has with his pencil described them. The bishop lays his hands upon their sunny, comely heads. It is a day and time of high hopes, that stir the imagination vividly. Thackeray used to say that London had no grander sight to show the stranger than the charity children in St. Paul's. The Westminster boys in the Abbey may be accepted, it seems to me, as a companion picture.



WESTMINSTER—THE ROUND OF THE ABBEY.

From that scene of holy brightness we may profitably stray into the solemn by-ways of the Abbey, and to the corner where the honored dust of great Englishmen is laid. We came one morning upon an open grave, about which silent, grieving hosts were gathered; and in which the flowers obscured the coffin. It was the narrow bed of Charles Dickens, wherein he had been plainly laid, in obedience to his own commands, early in the morning. It has been said, and by no mean authority, that Dickens was perhaps the most widely popular man who ever lived; and it was while we watched the crowds pass, in bitter grief, past his grave that we realized the force of the observation. His death appeared to be a personal loss to every Englishman and Englishwoman. They grieved over him as though he had left an empty chair at their own fireside. For many days afterward loving groups were stationed about the newly laid slab upon which was to be plainly cut the world-honored name. The Great and Good whom we loved are gathering fast in this corner of immortal shadow The noble head of Thackeray is thrown out from the gray of the venerable Minster walls; and the latest of the company of the world's benefactors is Professor Maurice.

Again and again we opened a morning's pilgrimage with half an hour on this holy ground, under the lofty groined roofs, and threading the stately pillars; observing the wondrous points of light and shade—the mullioned windows, the storied monuments, the exquisite triforiums, the chapels—and the groups of verger-led people of all classes and climes who pass, shadows in the solemn shade, over the dust of the great. The tendency of all footsteps, however, is to Poets' Corner, where the imagination is most excited. We, humble Pilgrims of this later day, are in the company of the Canterbury Pilgrims. The air is filled with immortal spirits, and the memory snatches at the gems of each. Rare Ben, Shakspeare, "blind old Milton," Dryden, the singer of "The Faerie Queene," Pope, Sheridan, Gray, Addison, Handel, the voice that charmed and gave cheeriness to "The Mariners of England," Macaulay, Grote, the parent of Pendennis, and the gentle heart that hymned an immortal "Christmas Carol" to the world, crowd upon the thoughtful spectator, and keep his feet leaded to the ground. It is, as it were, the whispering gallery of the Great of our country, whence they are speaking to far off posterity. Hard by lie the ashes of the great Chatham and of Sir Isaac Newton: immortal memories, that compel the reverence of pilgrims from every clime. Each day, each hour, in the Minster, has charms to the serious and sensitive creature. The choir thrills to the heart; the organ lifts the feet from the earth, as it vibrates through the chapels filled with the dust of kings, and trembles through the shadowy, meditative cloisters. Or the soul is stirred, and the eyes are gladdened, when, to the stately cadences of the Wedding March, a marriage procession, like a beam of light, glides from the western entrance to the altar rails.

Henry the Seventh's Chapel; the Dean's Yard; Jerusalem Chamber, wherein Henry the Fourth died; the Confessor's Chapel, with its pure English chancel, and its coronation chairs, in which country cousins love to sit for an instant—all within and without and round about the Minster, that the Roundheads have left free from their hammers, sword-hilts, and heels, tempts the pilgrim to linger, and to come again—as we lingered and came again—to the silent meeting of the poets, to the morning service, and to those grand gatherings of the people which are drawn under the ancient roof by the sermons of the Minster's eloquent Dean.

And from these gatherings with what painful ease we could wander far away from the shrine and the monumental urn to some of the saddest of London's scenes! The Devil's Acre is, happily, almost a solitude now. The light of heaven has been admitted through the pestilent dens, the foul by-ways, the kens and fences of wicked Westminster. Yet there are terrible highways and passages round about the Abbey still—as there are, indeed, about all the fairer parts of the metropolis. We appear to delight in violent contrasts. At the back of Regent Street and Oxford Street are alleys of houses where some among the most miserable of London's citizens abide. There are purlieus in Kensington, Belgravia, Westbournia, and the Regent's Park as heart-sickening as those that skirt the highway of Shoreditch. The Palace looks out upon the common Lodging-house. From the brightest of our roads the traveler has only to make a few steps aside to light upon the haunt of the coster-monger, the rough, the cadger. Worse company than that to be picked up within three minutes' walk of the Houses of Parliament is not within the metropolitan postal district, as the detective force, whose head-quarters are at hand, would willingly testify.

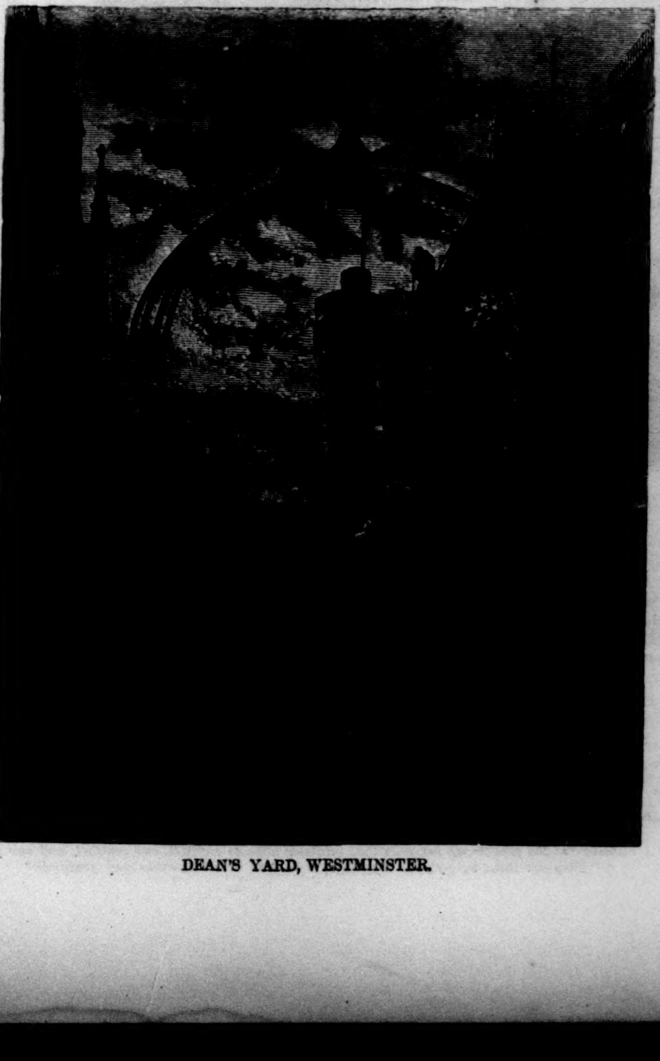
"House of Commons, Sir! House of Commons is the best club in London," said a new member, repeating an old boast.

"Yes," was the reply; "the best club in London—in the worst part of it."

"That's too bad," was the retort, "for we pay the deuce of an entrance fee."

Coming from the Abbey, in a shower, and making for St. James's Park for a cigar, we were amused one morning with a general scamper under the florid drinking fountain: a bit of modern Christianity—pure as the fountain, at which the foot-sore wanderer is bidden to slake his thirst.

The stolidity of the policeman in the storm was excellent.



DEAN'S YARD, WESTMINSTER.

THE FOUNTAIN, BROAD SANCTUARY.